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IN ANSWER TO
THE NATION VERSUS STATE'S RIGHTS

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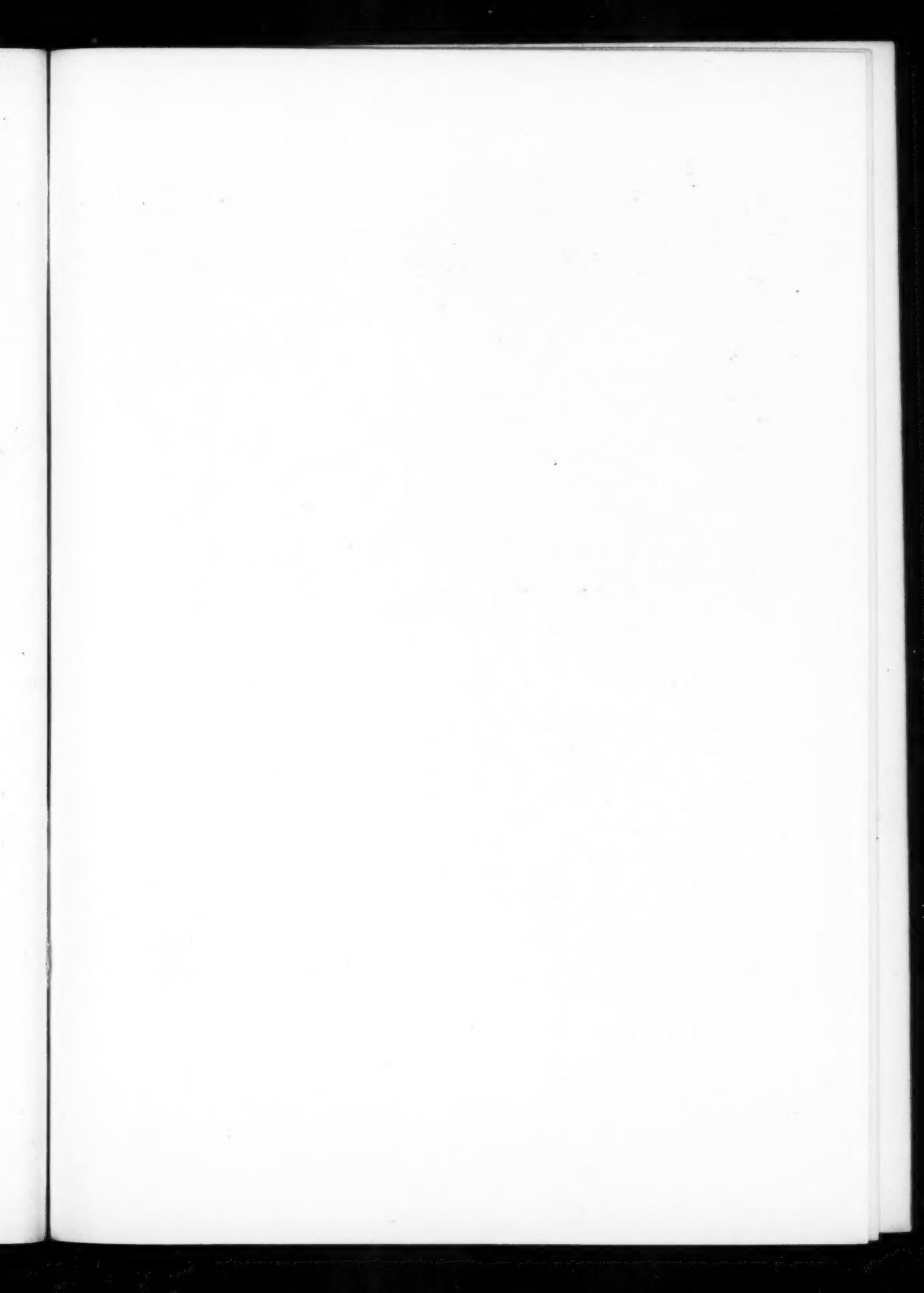
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THE NATION VERSUS STATE'S RIGHTS

THE SECOND IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

In this number Mr. Bryan answers Senator Beveridge on "The Nation," and the Senator replies to Mr. Bryan's: "Our Dual Government."

MR. BRYAN'S REPLY

SENATOR Beveridge's article on "The Nation," which appeared in the March issue of THE READER, presents very clearly the views of those who see no danger in the enlargement of the sphere of the national government. Having himself no ulterior motive and being conscientiously devoted to his theories he presents very baldly and without qualification the position of the advocates of centralization.

He says, "What is the national government whose growing powers are so 'feared'? It is the American people in the mass. And what are the states? They are the same American people split up into forty-six groups. So there can be no danger from the national government except the danger that comes from the American people themselves, acting in common; and, of course, the people are not going to injure themselves or their own interests."

This is a very plausible argument and it would be sound but for the fact that it entirely overlooks the reasons which are urged in the defense of local self-government.

A MATTER OF PERSONAL CONCERN

Yes, the people of the states are the same people who act together as parts of the union, but when the people of a state act together on a local matter they are nearer to the subject under discussion and, therefore, can act more intelligently. If the arguments in defense of local self-government are unsound, then the whole theory of self-government is defective. It must be assumed that the people want to do what is right—upon no other theory can we have self-government. It must also be assumed that the people can act most intelligently upon that which they best understand.

That they can best understand a thing with which they deal daily is axiomatic; and it is equally true that they will study most those things in which they are individually interested. To illustrate: If I enter a public hall and announce that a distant city is in conflagration, the audience will hear the announcement calmly, although, of course, with regret and with sympathy for those who are suffering. If, however, the announcement is made that Mr. Smith's house is on fire and Mr. Smith is in the audience, one member of the audience at least will become intensely interested in the subject. If the announcement is made that the building next to the opera house is in flames, the whole audience will become aroused, because every one will feel that he is personally concerned in the fire. So the question which vitally concerns one section of the country, while it arouses the people of that section, may not disturb or at least disturb but little those in a remote part of the country.

THE NEGRO AND THE ORIENTAL

"Of course the people are not going to injure themselves or their own interests," says the senator; but suppose the people of one section decide that they have no discernible interest in what is being done in another section, are they likely to study the question as carefully as they should? And if they attempt to act upon a question remote from them are they sure to act wisely? Two questions now before the country may be used for an illustration. Take the race question in the south. The people of the northern states do not come into contact with the black race as the people of the south do, and because the experiences are different in the two sections the views of the subject are different. If a citizen of the north moves into the black belt he soon recognizes that he has a different situation to deal with from that which confronted him in the north, and

his views of the subject are likely to undergo quite a change. Even a winter's stay in the south is apt to have an educational influence upon the citizen of the north and he ceases to make sweeping criticisms of the southerners.

The race question on the Pacific coast presents another illustration. The people who come into daily contact with the Orientals have a familiarity with the subject which those can not possibly have who live in other sections and who seldom see one of the emigrants from Asia. The school question is one that enters into the life of every community and the people who send their children to a school are more concerned in the welfare of that school than any outside people can be. They have not only the knowledge, but they have the deep personal interest that compels investigation of all the facts and the study of all the conditions that are to be met.

Senator Beveridge does not mention either of these race questions, and yet, according to the doctrine which he laid down, "the American people themselves acting in common," could deal with the subject as well as the American people acting independently in the several states.

RAILROADS AND THE FEDERAL COURTS

The second proposition advanced by Senator Beveridge is that "the powerful interests which exploit the people and the nation's resources can more easily handle a smaller portion of the American people for their purposes than they can handle the entire eighty millions of the people for their purposes." I referred to the trust question in my article of last month and stated that the adoption of effective remedies did not compel the obliteration of state lines. I pointed out that the federal remedies should be supplemental to the state remedies, and not a substitute for state remedies. It is misleading to say, as Senator Beveridge

says, that "every corporation so great that its business is nation-wide is championing state's rights;" that "every railroad that has felt the regulating hand of the nation's government is earnestly for state's rights;" that "every trust attorney is declaiming about the dangers of centralization." He should have said that the representatives of predatory wealth are advocates of state's rights when prosecuted by the national government and advocates of centralization whenever they are attacked by any state. If he will review the history of the last twenty-five years, he will find that the very corporations which he now charges with being friendly to state's rights have constantly defied the states and sought shelter in the federal courts. Whenever a state has attempted the regulation of rates, the railroads have at once invoked the power of the federal courts to enjoin and to suspend. The United States courts are now filled with suits that ought to be tried in the state courts, but which are dragged into the federal courts for two reasons—first, to get them so far away from the plaintiffs as to make litigation expensive, and second, to secure trial before judges who are appointed for life by federal authorities and often upon the recommendation of corporate representatives.

In practice, the railroad magnate is for local self-government or for centralization, according to the conditions which he has to meet. Jay Gould is quoted as having said that he was a Republican in Republican counties, and a Democrat in Democratic counties, but always for Erie; and so it may be said that the railroads are for state's rights whenever they are fighting a federal law and for centralization whenever they are fighting a state law, but that they are always, in any case, for themselves and for their own interests.

Senator Beveridge refers to a number of cases in which federal measures or the action of the national executive have

been criticized on the ground that they interfered with the reserved rights of the states. But the cases cited do not support his own position or the arguments of those who would reduce the influence of the state to a minimum.

CLEVELAND AND ALTGELD

For instance, he says that the constitution forbids the president from sending national soldiers to a state to suppress disorder when neither the legislature nor the governor calls for them, and asserting that neither Governor Altgeld nor the Illinois legislature had called for the troops, he declares that this raised the issue whether the president has the right "to send troops to a state when both the governor and the legislature were in league with the mob, and the mob was burning property and destroying life." This is the issue which Senator Beveridge, according to his own statement, discussed in his Chicago speech in closing the campaign of 1896. But this was not the issue presented by President Cleveland. In his telegram to Governor Altgeld the president said, "Federal troops were sent to Chicago in strict accordance with the constitution and laws of the United States, upon the demand of the post-office department that obstruction of the mails should be removed, and upon the representations of the judicial officers of the United States that the process of the federal courts could not be executed through the ordinary means, and upon competent proof that conspiracies existed against commerce between the states. To meet these conditions, which are clearly within the province of federal authority, the presence of federal troops in the city of Chicago was deemed not only proper but necessary, and there has been no intention of thereby interfering with the plain duty of the local authorities to preserve the peace of the city."

NOT SUSTAINED BY THE FACTS

It will be seen that the president did not excuse his action on the ground that "both the governor and the legislature were in league with the mob," or that "the mob was burning property and destroying life," but on the ground that the mails were obstructed, that the processes of the federal court could not be executed through the ordinary means, and that conspiracies existed against interstate commerce. The president asserted that he acted "in strict accordance with the constitution and laws of the United States," and he expressly disclaimed any intention of thereby "interfering with the plain duty of the local authorities to preserve the peace of the city." It is a cruel libel upon Governor Altgeld to say that he was in league with the mob, and the president's statement above quoted makes no such insinuation. The president asserted the right to send troops when the mails were interfered with, when the processes of the federal court were obstructed or in cases of conspiracies against interstate commerce, and Governor Altgeld contested his right to do this *until the state authorities had had an opportunity to act*, affirming that he, the governor, was able and willing to suppress all disorder with state troops. There was no suggestion on the part of the federal authorities that they would have a right to interfere voluntarily in a local disturbance which did not involve the mails, the processes of the federal courts, interstate commerce or other federal agency.

Senator Beveridge discussed an issue which the facts did not raise and his position was directly antagonistic to the platform upon which Abraham Lincoln was elected, for that platform declared: "The maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that

balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed forces of the soil of any state or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of errors."

ENTIRELY OUTSIDE THE DISCUSSION

The national bank charter to which Senator Beveridge refers, contradicts rather than confirms his position, for it was not urged by the people for the purpose of restraining large moneyed interests; it was, on the other hand, advocated by moneyed interests and has ever since been defended by moneyed interests. Even now the national bankers, not satisfied with the advantage of being banks of deposit, not content even with the profits of a bank currency based on bonds, are urging such an extension of the system as to include the so-called emergency notes which are in fact a part of the asset currency scheme, for which national bankers have been working for years.

Most of the illustrations given by Senator Beveridge are entirely outside of the discussion. I will mention four of these: First, the law forbidding the sending of obscene literature through the mails. The mails are under federal control. The authority that is responsible for the carrying of the mails certainly is responsible for the morals of the service as well as for the actual transportation of the letters and papers. The federal government could not excuse itself if it allowed its agents to be employed in the delivery of obscene literature. The fact that a few persons who made money out of the circulation of such literature attempted to employ the state's rights argument can not be used to weaken the force of the arguments employed against real encroachments upon rights of the states.

The same may be said of the lottery. The federal government, being respon-

sible for the mails, was the only authority which could act. The states were powerless to interfere with the mails or with interstate commerce, and it is not fair to charge up the sins of the lottery company or the arguments made by its attorneys against those who believe that the line between the state and the nation should be preserved.

Pure food laws and meat inspection are also within the domain of interstate commerce, and the enactment of such laws should not be cited as a reason why the states should be reduced in dignity and influence.

Senator Beveridge refers to the child labor law, for which he stands sponsor. While it is true that the manufacturing interests which oppose this law are hiding behind the "reserved rights of the states," and while it is true that many Democrats are opposing the senator's bill, some of them because of the influence of manufacturers employing child labor, and some on theoretical grounds, I think I can speak for a considerable element of the Democratic party when I say that the senator's bill does not in the least trespass upon state rights.

A MOST IMPORTANT PRINCIPLE

The power of congress over interstate commerce is complete. This power is not only complete, but its exercise is necessary, the various states being impotent when it comes to matters of interstate commerce. I have given to Senator Beveridge's bill whatever support I could. It is right in principle; it is nec-

essary, and it does not interfere with the reserved rights of the states. It permits each state to regulate its own affairs in so far as its action affects state commerce only, but the bill recognizes the right of congress to determine the conditions upon which merchandise shall enter interstate commerce. The principle embodied in the senator's bill is a most important one. At this time he is applying it to goods produced by child labor; more than six years ago the Democratic platform demanded the application of this principle to the trust question. I had this principle in mind when in my former article I said it is not necessary to interfere with the rights of the states in order to enact measures necessary for the annihilation of the trusts.

Senator Beveridge should be given credit for his championship of the cause of the children, and I wish him every success in his effort to secure the passage of the Beveridge bill. I have been glad also to note his advocacy of several other needed reforms, and I regret that he does not recognize as clearly as I think he should the importance of the state's position in our political system. The state and the nation are both necessary—the nation for the protection of the people from without and for that work which all the people must do together; but the state must continue to be the champion of the home, the school, the community and the local interests which are best understood by the people of each community and best defended by those who understand the conditions to be met.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S REPLY

MR. Bryan builds his argument against nationality on historical origins. But he does not go back far enough. His origin of "state's rights" is in reality only a half-way house in the long journey of the people toward

nationality. But let us go back to their *real* origin.

How did the "states" happen to be, in the first place? Thousands of people came to this continent from Europe—Dutch, Swedes, Scotch, Irish—but chief-

ly English. The land upon which they settled was under the British crown. So, all those settlers were, or became, British subjects. The British king divided them into various colonies, fixing geographical boundaries of these colonies. Sometimes this was the result of mere whim.

COLONIAL INDIVIDUALITY

So we see that it was not the "will of the people" and their desire to "get government closer to themselves" that created the "colonies" which developed into the "states." On the contrary, it was the English king who did this. And the British monarch governed these colonies *separately*. The royal policy was to keep the colonies from uniting. It was easier for the British throne then to rule the people if they could be kept in distinct "colonies," than if the spirit of unity developed among them, just as it is easier for exploiters of the people now to rule them if the people can be kept in distinct "states" than if the spirit of nationality unites them. So each colony was encouraged to consider itself as a *separate being* from the other colonies. This was the origin of the colonies—this the germ of the "state's rights" idea. The seed of "state's rights" was planted in American soil by the British kings.

Against this "colonial individuality" the people gradually, slowly, almost painfully developed the idea of unity. This idea of unity was the child of the people's common dangers and common necessities. For example, they could best fight the Indians by acting in common. They were drawn still closer in the war with France—on the Plains of Abraham the dying colonists found themselves not New Yorkers nor Jerseymen, nor Rhode Islanders, but *Americans*.

Then came the Revolution. In spite of their heroism the colonists nearly failed. The reason of this was the crazy machinery of the continental congress; and the reason why the continental congress

was a crazy machine was solely because of "state's rights." The continental congress was nothing more than an advisory council to the states, utterly powerless both in theory and fact to enforce its advice. The theory of *separate* communities with *separate* interests which the English king had fostered for a hundred years, was more helpful to him in the Revolution than his soldiers.

THE SPIRIT OF UNITY

Historians are agreed that only the reputation and influence of Washington held the struggling colonists together. Every success in the Revolutionary War and the final triumph of the American arms was the result of the national spirit; every embarrassment and difficulty was the result of the state's rights spirit. This is historical. Washington, who was anything but a calm man, raged against this state of affairs.

But all the time the spirit of unity was growing stronger. The Declaration of Independence recognizes this in its first words:

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for *one people* to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with *another* and to assume among the powers of the earth the *separate and equal station*, etc."

Another thing: the colonies transformed themselves into "states" only by *acting in common*. No colony transformed itself into a "state" acting separately. Lincoln called attention to this in his immortal message of July 4, 1861.

The Revolution over, it was seen that the "colonies" newly transformed into "states" must have some kind of a common government. All the really great men of that time wanted a thoroughly national government.

But the poison of "colonial individuality" which the English king had injected into the veins of his American subjects was still too strong and virulent

for reason or patriotism. The "state's rights" idea had its way, and we formed the Articles of Confederation. Every school boy knows how disgracefully those Articles of Confederation failed. Washington wrote to Colonel Lee concerning the American government under the Confederation, as follows:

"To be more exposed in the eyes of the world and more contemptible than we already are is hardly possible."

The *Federalist* thus describes the condition:

"The *delinquencies of the states* have, step by step, matured themselves to an extreme which has at length arrested all the wheels of the national government and brought them to an awful stand."

THE BIRTH OF THE CONSTITUTION

These Articles of Confederation were an attempt to reconcile the state's rights theory with nationality. However, bad as the Articles were, they were after all a little step toward nationality.

The failure of the Articles of Confederation brought on the constitution. The constitution was intended to be and is what Chief Justice Marshall calls it—"our ordinance of nationality." Whereas, the Articles of Confederation were proposed by the absurd continental congress to the legislatures of the *states* and ratified by them as *states*, the constitution was proposed by a convention selected by the *people* living in the various states and was ratified directly by the *people* and not by the *states*. As Chief Justice Marshall said in *McCulloch vs. Maryland*:

"The government of the Union is emphatically and truly a government of the *people*. In form and in substance it emanates from *them*. Its powers are granted by *them* and are to be exercised directly on *them* and for *their* benefit."

And again in *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, Chief Justice Marshall says, speaking of the formation of the constitution:

"When these allied sovereigns (the *states*) converted their league into a government; when they converted their congress of ambassadors . . . into a legislature, the whole character in which the *states* appeared underwent a change."

The first and ruling words of the constitution are:

"We, the *people* of the United States, in order" (among other things) "to promote the *general welfare*, . . . do ordain and establish this constitution"; whereas, the Articles of Confederation begin, "Articles of Confederation between the *states*."

So we see how the necessities of the *people* destroyed the attempted government under the state's rights theory, which is what the Articles of Confederation was; and established a government under the national theory, which is what the constitution is.

The constitution was thus complete. Jefferson was in France and, at that time, as wild with the doctrines of Rousseau as any Jacobin. Even his warmest friends admit this. He wrote home about the necessity for a "bill of rights." Patrick Henry, who tried to defeat the constitution altogether, saw monarchy and various other frightful things. So, the amendments to the constitution were adopted. In these, the state's rights theory reasserted itself in the tenth amendment which reads that

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the *states*, are reserved to the *states* respectively, or to the *people*."

(And by the way, are those last four words surplusage—the state's rights people never mention them?)

The government was already in operation under the constitution, without these amendments. And how were the amendments adopted? Whereas, the constitution was proposed by the representatives of the *people* elected for that

express purpose and ratified *by the people*; the amendments were proposed by congress and ratified by the state legislatures.

FAR BROADER THAN PARTIES

So much for the origin of "state's rights." I did not expect to have to go into this, but since Mr. Bryan deals so largely with origins, we might as well be accurate about them. Now for results; for that is what counts after all, is it not? I dealt with results in my opening paper; but I am now compelled to refer to one that I purposely left out. The slaveholders shielded themselves behind "state's rights," just as the *unrighteous* money interests—(for not all money interests are unrighteous by any manner of means—most are honest, just as most men are honest)—are now protecting themselves behind state's rights.

Calhoun was their advocate; and Mr. Bryan might better have taken Calhoun than Jefferson. For Calhoun was consistent and logical, and Jefferson late in life rejected many of his earlier Rousseau doctrines. Calhoun asserted the doctrine of state's rights to the logical conclusion of nullification. Following his lead, South Carolina actually did try to nullify the laws of the nation. This aroused Jackson, who threatened to use the nation's army and navy against South Carolina. South Carolina actually prepared for war. Jackson's proclamation was received by the legislature of South Carolina "with loud laughter and expressions of contempt." But the stubborn old warrior had the nation at his back; and South Carolina finally gave in.

But slavery, under the disguise of state's rights, went on declaiming about "centralization," just as the robbers of the people under the disguise of state's rights are doing to-day. And finally came secession, which was state's rights carried to its logical conclusion, and then our great Civil War. That war was

nothing but the financial interests of slaveholders defending their unholy institution behind the breastworks of "state's rights." Most of the gallant men who fought and died for the lost cause—and better men never marched to battle—honestly believed that they were fighting for local self-government; when, as a matter of fact, we now know that their lives were being sacrificed by a slaveholding oligarchy to save that oligarchy's property in human flesh and blood.

This is all of history which the limits of this reply permits. Let us take up present problems. The American people are not a dead people, existing in the past and concerned only with reminiscences. So, what is the effect of state's rights and nationality on the present and future of the republic?

This question is far broader than parties. I decline to permit this debate to degenerate into a mere partisan fray. Doubtless Mr. Bryan will say, in answer to my indictments of the financial interests that are manipulating this recrudescence of state's rights, that many Republicans are against the present "tendency toward centralization." Of course I could retort that Mr. Bryan is himself as great a "centralizationist" as our wonderful young president, and even a greater one, I am sorry to say—for does Mr. Bryan not advocate government ownership of railways? I admit that certain Republicans see the "grave dangers of centralization." But I attack these Republicans more unreservedly than I do state's rights Democrats, for the latter have some excuse in the traditions of their party; and the former have none.

President Roosevelt in his Massachusetts speech the other day voiced the mind and will of the Republican party as well as of the American people in one brave sentence.

"State's rights should be preserved when they mean the people's rights, but not when they mean the people's wrongs; not, for instance, when they are

invoked to prevent the abolition of child labor, or to break the force of laws which prohibit the importation of contract labor to this country; in short, not when they stand for wrong or oppression of any kind or for national weakness or impotence at home or abroad."

And also in this:

"The states have shown that they have not the ability to curb the power of syndicated wealth, and, therefore, in the interest of the people it must be done by national action."

FEDERAL ABSORPTION OF POWER

Mr. Bryan says that

"A systematic absorption of power by the federal government would not only cause discontent and weaken the attachment of the people for the government, but a withdrawal of power from the state would breed indifference to public affairs—the forerunner of despotism."

"Despotism" from whom, Mr. Bryan? For the national government is *the American people*. Mr. Roosevelt is powerful only as he personifies the American people. Jackson was "despotic" only as he gathered into himself and then radiated again the will of the people. So was Washington. So was Lincoln, whose murderer exclaimed, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" If Mr. Bryan should become president, he could be "despotic" only as he represented the convictions of the people.

Again Mr. Bryan is wrong in thinking that "the withdrawal of power from the state would breed indifference to public affairs"; for have the people ever taken such an interest in "public affairs" in all our history as they do now? And was there ever such a "systematic absorption of power by the federal government" as there is now?

Have we not, in the railway rate bill, asserted the right of the nation to control the railways of the republic? When was that ever done before? Never!

Have we not, in the pure food bill, asserted the right of the nation to protect the health of the people? When was that ever done before? Never!

Have we not, in the meat inspection law, required the packing houses of the states to be conducted by rules prescribed by the *nation*? When was that ever done before? Never!

Have we not established a national quarantine? When was that ever done before? Never!

Have we not established a department of commerce and labor to bring the industrial activities of the American people under the supervision of the government of the American people? When was that ever done before? Never!

If space did not forbid I would cite a score of laws like these, showing a "systematic absorption of power by the federal government," to use Mr. Bryan's words. And yet, have any of them "weakened the attachment of the people for the government," to quote Mr. Bryan again? On the contrary, was ever the attachment of the people for the government so intense? Have all these laws "caused discontent," again to quote Mr. Bryan? And, if they have "caused discontent," among whom is that "discontent" found? Not among the people, certainly; for the people applaud all these laws. But they have "caused discontent" among the wreckers of railways, the manipulators of the beef trust, the managers of the food and drug trust and all other buccaneers of business. If Mr. Bryan says that Democrats voted for these bills, the answer is that this shows how dead "state's rights" really is, for these laws are violations of that theory.

That Mr. Bryan champions the cause of the San Francisco agitators, I am sorry; for I admire Mr. Bryan. And if any cause is indefensible, it is the "cause" of these agitators. I know of no better illustration of the danger to the republic concealed in the state's rights

doctrine which the selfish policy of the British kings first planted on this continent, than this San Francisco-Japanese danger.

THE BIG NATION AND THE LITTLE NATION

Let us look at the naked facts. The constitution provides that

"All treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be THE SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND; and the judges in *every state* shall be bound thereby, *anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.*"

That clause was written because of the helplessness of the republic in foreign affairs under the Articles of Confederation. All the rest of the world said to us, "You are not a nation—you can not deal with us as a nation"—and that was the truth. To remedy that we put in the constitution the statement that treaties "shall be the supreme law of the land," "*supreme*" above the "constitution or laws of any state" or even of congress.

Now in what predicament does state's rights place us? As a nation we make with another nation a contract called a treaty. That treaty is violated by a small clump of American citizens living in a subdivision of the republic, called a "state." The offended foreign nation says to this nation, "This treaty is violated—I demand reparation." We say to the foreign nation with whom we have made this contract, "Yes, we, as a nation, *did* make a contract with you and it *has* been violated; but it has been violated by another little nation inside of us. This little nation is called a 'state.' We—the big nation—have no authority over this little nation, called a state. This little nation is 'sovereign.' "

But the offended foreign nation whose contract with us, as a nation, has been violated, says, "I did not make a treaty with any little nation called a 'state'; I made a treaty with the only nation I

know, the American republic." We answer, "That is quite true; but nevertheless this little nation is 'sovereign.' And we—the big nation—are powerless."

The foreign nation answers, "To whom, then, am I to look; to the little nation? No, for I made no contract with it. The contract I made was with you, the big nation—and I see in your constitution that the treaties you, the big nation, make, are the '*supreme law of the land*,' the 'constitution or laws of any state *to the contrary notwithstanding.*' "

We answer, according to Mr. Bryan's theory, "Why, you are not to look to either. You are not to look to us, the big nation, because we have no power over the little nation. You are not to look to the little nation, because you did not make the treaty with it."

"Very well!" says the foreign nation, "the treaty has been violated—you admit that. You can not give me redress for this violation—you admit that. So I must go to war with you—the world will admit that, demand it." So we get into war with the foreign nation because of the action of a little nation within us which nullifies our constitution and violates the pledge of the American republic. No! not *all* of this little nation called a state either, *but only a small part of it.*

A HYPOTHETICAL CASE

Suppose Nevada instead of California had excluded the Japanese just as California has done. No, not all Nevada either, but *only Reno*, Nevada; for it was not California but San Francisco that did this thing. And San Francisco did it under authority of an act of the legislature giving San Francisco's council authority over the schools of San Francisco. Very well! substitute now Nevada for California, and Reno for San Francisco. An act is passed by Nevada's legislature by a majority of *one* vote giving Reno complete authority

over Reno's schools. Reno's council, by a majority of *one*, excludes Japanese from Reno's schools. This violates a treaty made by the American republic with Japan. So we get into war with Japan. And in this war not only the sons of Nevada, but the citizens of the whole republic go to battle and lose their lives. For Japan does not make war on Nevada, but on the American people.

Yet Nevada has only *fourteen thousand registered voters*, of whom only *eleven thousand* actually vote. Of this number *five thousand five hundred and one* are a majority and this *five thousand five hundred and one* authorize Reno to nullify a treaty of the United States. And Reno's council, by a majority of *one*, excludes the Japanese. And yet in 1906 Reno had only about one thousand two hundred registered voters and nine hundred actual voters. So that *six hundred and one male citizens of Reno bring on a war which expends the treasure of ninety millions of people and sheds the blood of the republic's soldiers drawn from Maine and Florida and Washington and Indiana and Arizona*. Could anything be more absurd? Could anything be more awful?

And one word further about this California matter: San Francisco had an earthquake; its great buildings tumbled to the ground. The city was in flames. The governor failed to call on the nation for aid, and the state legislature was not in session. Nevertheless, the national government gave aid. Funston did not answer the call of the governor or legislature; Funston *answered the call of the flames*. And the nation applauded. Roosevelt's administration backed Funston up. Secretary Taft, before a committee of the Senate, voluntarily stated that, strictly speaking, the government had committed treason. Why? Because the constitution says that the nation shall supply its troops to suppress disorder *only when the governor*

or legislature calls for them; and neither California's governor nor legislature had called for troops.

ONE FLAG OR FORTY-SIX?

So in the San Francisco earthquake the constitution was not only disregarded, but violated. Treason was committed. Taft, secretary of war, admitted it. And yet nobody complained of this "treason." Everybody applauded this "treason." San Francisco was grateful. Why, then, this commotion about California's "rights" now, because of eighteen Japanese children, and no protest against the violation of the constitution then, by the nation's troops aiding San Francisco in its sore distress? It does not appear very consistent, does it? Does Mr. Bryan approve of the federal troops in San Francisco in the crisis of earthquake and flames? Does the Democratic party approve of the action of the government in that case? If they do, why do they disapprove of the mild attitude of Roosevelt in pleading with San Francisco's mayor to avert a national war?

Think of that! The president of ninety millions of people pleading with the mayor of a few thousands of people to prevent those few thousands from plunging the whole ninety millions into war. To this deep humiliation—to this grave danger—state's rights brings us.

This one word in conclusion: We Americans stand before the world higher than we have ever stood before. Every step upward in the world's esteem has been won by nationality. All the contempt of the world for us has been earned by the foolish doctrine of state's rights sown in American soil by the English kings. Shall we be one people, the greatest force for righteousness beneath the skies, or shall we be forty-six peoples? That, in the final analysis, is the question. Shall we have one flag or forty-six flags?

[THE SUBJECT TO BE DISCUSSED IN THE MAY ISSUE IS "THE TRUSTS."]

THE LADY ALDEN STOPS OFF

By MINNIE BARBOUR ADAMS

Author of "Under the Semaphore," etc.

"ELSIE, do stop that flouncing around and wringing your hands, and tell me what's the matter this instant!" cried Mildred, seizing our usually sedate little neighbor by the shoulders and drawing her to the window-seat.

"Oh!—Oh, Mildred! Senator Alden's wife's going through on the six-fifteen!" cried the poor, distracted thing.

"Well, let her go," returned Mildred, adding under her breath, with an impudent look at me: "Gallagher."

"What *am* I to do?" breathed Elsie tragically.

"Oh, you want her to stop, do you?" cried Mildred, with an indulgent air. "Tommy, make a note on your cuff that you are to enter the six-fifteen when it stops for water down at the foot of the garden and abduct the Lady Alden for our Elsie."

"O! She's going to stop; that's what's the matter," wailed the girl, jumping to her feet.

Mildred leaned against my chair and gazed critically at her friend. "Tommy," she said, thoughtfully; "if a plain senator's spouse affects her this way, she'd be a howling dervish if the president's wife was coming."

"But, Mildred, don't you see?" Elsie implored. "She's got such a great, beautiful home, always had 'em—and she sent us a lovely wedding present—and dozens of servants—and there's a great hole in the dining-room carpet that Jim burned, an—an—" She paused for breath.

Mildred dropped the imaginary crank she had been turning, straightened up and asked in a hoarse whisper: "How did Jimmie get out of paying for it?"

"Paying for what? Oh, not *their* carpet, goose!—and the furnace is being repaired, and the bathroom's all torn out—"

"Put it over the burned place in the carpet," suggested Mildred.

"Take her to the hotel," I ventured.

"I couldn't do that, Tom," Elsie replied, somewhat calmer now. "They entertained me beautifully when I was at home last summer, and she told mamma that—that—"

"Go on, you vain thing," encouraged Mildred.

"—that she liked me awfully well," concluded Elsie, shyly.

"Which shows her good sense," I agreed, heartily, whereupon, the meek and gentle Mildred, my cherished wife, wrought indignities on my recumbent form which it pains me to remember, and hissed shrewishly in my ear: "Oh, it does, do it?" And then, when I had called the attention of this finished Wellesleyian to her slight grammatical error, she choked me into silence, and said: "Oh, it do, does it?"

She turned back to our troubled neighbor, and putting her arm about her, kissed her tenderly, while I—

"Honestly, honey, I'll do everything I can," she assured her. "I'll loan you anything, everything, all the help you need and bushels of flowers and"—her eye falling on me where I cowered—"I'll black up Thomas and send him over to 'tend door; I wouldn't trust him among the eatables," she finished severely.

"Oh, Mildred, you're a darling," cried Elsie, gratefully, looking at me for corroboration, but I was immersed in my magazine.

I have always admired the slap-bang,

hit-the-bull's-eye-the-first-shot manner with which the weaker sex disposes of weighty problems. A vague, haphazard statement of the case, a few gurgles of sympathy, a half-dozen exclamation points and as many adjectives, and the problem is mastered; while with us it would have required much learned discourse and a lot of choice tobacco to have arrived at a conclusion, and that probably wrong.

Now I knew, by the look in Mildred's eye and the heartless way in which she ignored my attempts to attract her attention, that she wasn't far from the bull's-eye in Elsie's difficulty.

"Come on, dear!" she cried gaily; and, calling loudly for Jason—my man and her shadow—they departed like a whirlwind.

I sighed deeply as I realized that she had omitted a most pleasing and satisfying rite that she always performs when she leaves me, even on going into the next room sometimes, and once—yes, once before crawling under the bed for her thimble.

She returned in about an hour, and the whirlwind had increased to a miniature tornado. She began hurriedly taking down the few pictures I possess of my revered ancestors, and tossing numerous photographs of us twain in varying stages of idiocy over behind the piano. Then she snatched the latest magazine from my unresisting hand and sent it flapping wildly after "us."

"She'd see it the first thing," she announced breathlessly.

"What if she did?" I faltered.

"With Marsden written clear across the top of it! What'd she think?"

"Who?" I asked abjectly.

"Who?" she mimicked. "Why, the Lady Alden, of course. Oh!—I forgot I hadn't told you—we decided after we got over to Elsie's—why, I've loaned them the house."

"Loaned them the house!" I echoed.
"Well, I'll be—"

"Of course you will, my poor Tommy," Mildred hastily interposed, and then added sweetly as an afterthought: "If you ain't, you oughter."

"Yes," she explained; "their rooms were impossible when we began to plan, so I just made her take ours; though she says she don't know what Jimmie will say when he comes home."

"Won't have time to say much, fortunately," I chuckled.

"No," agreed Mildred. "Here come Jimmie's clothes now. Lay them all out in Mr. Tom's room, Jason."

"Yes, lay 'em all out handy; he'll probably be rather frustrated about that time."

"He sure will," the man returned, grinning appreciatively.

"And Jason."

"Yes, sir."

"Be sure that the ventilators are all open wide; we don't want the odor of brimstone to offend the nostrils of the Lady Alden."

"I'll see to it, sir," he replied gravely.

"But Mildred!" I cried, as a new thought came to me. "What are you going to do with your aunt and uncle and your cousin Paul and his wife and the two Maynard girls, and—"

"Oh, tuck 'em in over there," interrupted Mildred coolly. "Elsie has asked uncle and aunt to meet the Lady Alden at dinner, who, thanks be, goes away again on the eleven-twenty. Then we can all come home again to sleep, as Elsie has but two beds."

"But dinner?"

"Oh, yes; we're going to sneak in home after they're through their dinner and have ours while Elsie entertains her guests in the library," replied this elegant dame.

"Well, I hope the thing will go off smoothly, but I'm afraid there's breakers ahead."

"Raven! Frog!" Mildred flung after me, and hurried away.

There was much running to and fro

for the next few hours, and if Elsie had any misgivings or was inclined to look her loaned house in the mouth, she never got more than a glimpse till she was whisked off to attend to some other detail.

I did the best I could to keep things moving lively in the rear, but was careful to avoid the firing line till, at six, I was thrust willy-nilly right out where the smoke and shot were thickest.

"You've got to tell him, Tom," Mildred declared as poor, unsuspecting Jim entered the hall.

"I'll be hanged if I do," I blurted out, and started to back away from the top of the stairs; but I was too late; he saw me and came running up.

"I found a note telling me to hurry over here," he panted. "She isn't hurt or anything?"

"No; but I wish to Heaven she was," I snapped as I heard Mildred's key turn in the lock behind me. "And her, too," I added, as he stared in surprise at the door that had been nearly slammed in his face.

"Why—where is she? What's the matter, Tom?" he asked anxiously.

"I believe that she is in her boudoir down at the end of the hall making her toilet," I replied. "And there is nothing the matter that I know of—not yet."

We had entered my room, and Jason, after clearing his throat once or twice, said hesitatingly: "I think you'd better tell him, sir—there's the train."

"Tell him what? What in thunder is it?" cried Jimmie, excitedly, his face flushing in a manner that boded trouble for somebody.

"You'll stand by me, Jason?" I asked, imploringly.

"Well, then, here goes. Jimmie, the Lady Alden is here to make you a short visit, and your own house being in a state of dishabille, Mildred has loaned you ours for the occasion. Stand clear, Jason!"

The fireworks were instantly forth-

coming, and exceeded in brilliancy any we had imagined. Also, with the unreasonableness of an enraged man, Jimmie blamed me for the most of it. Then he accused the girls of making many kinds of a fool of him, and he proceeded to add some new varieties to the number on his own account. Altogether, we had a pretty bad quarter of an hour with the mad, pig-headed James, and it began to look as though we'd have to shake him into his dinner clothes and carry him bodily down to the drawing room.

"See here!" I cried, at length, thoroughly exasperated. "If you don't cut out some of those lurid remarks and get into your togs pretty quick we'll gag you," and Jason added, seriously:

"You are a-wiltin' down your collar, Mr. Dean."

That sort of braced him up, for he's a very proud man, is Mr. Jimmie Dean; and soon after I had the pleasure of escorting him to the top of the stairs. I gave him some good advice as to his behavior, but he only muttered something about "getting even," and plunged down stairs.

He—being much perturbed, and the stairs being polished to the last degree, he somehow lost his footing and coasted down the last half-dozen steps, with what seemed to me much unnecessary noise and language. It pains me to add that, having brushed the dust from his clothing where it had come in contact with the steps, he settled his collar and shook his fist at me as he disappeared between the curtains.

Later, I wandered over to his house, where the rest of our family were gathered. We got mighty hungry before Jason came across the lawn to tell us that the ladies had left the table; and he added that Mrs. Alden had gone to her room for a few minutes, being worn out from her journey.

"How did dinner go off?" asked Mildred, anxiously.

Jason chuckled. "Oh, pretty well, con-



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MILDRED DREW A FOOTSTOOL UP BESIDE ME



sidering. Mr. Jimmie didn't know the waiters' names, and sort of got things mixed up once or twice."

It was getting colder and beginning to rain when we plodded across the lawn in the darkness; but we were soon seated about the table and forgot the discomforts in the warmth of the cheerful room and excellent dinner.

Uncle was still at the table, and he drew Mildred down on his knee, and began alternately chafing her cold hands and feeding her soup. She whispered something to him, and he looked severely over his glasses at me, then kissed her tenderly.

At that moment, hearing a slight sound, we all turned. Standing in the hall door was the Lady Alden.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a frigid look at uncle; "I'm ill, and wished a bit of salt."

"Oh, I was just starting up to see how you felt by this time, dear Mrs. Alden," cried Elsie, entering the dining room by another door. Then she saw us—eight of us—about the table.

"My cook's birthday," she explained airily, with an indulgent smile toward us. "I always give them a spread on such occasions, and—" Her eyes fell on uncle, with the cook (presumably) upon his knees; and, seizing a salt well from the table, Elsie fled, taking the scandalized lady with her. To this day she will not tell what explanation she gave, though Jimmie told me that the lady treated auntie with sympathetic tenderness the rest of the evening.

We all filed out into the rain again, uncle looking longingly after us and shaking his head apprehensively as he turned toward the drawing room.

"O-o-oh!" shivered Mildred as we re-entered the Deans' small living room. "C-a-an't you b-hoys build a f-ire? Oh, I f-org-ot about the furnace," disconsolately.

"There's the fireplace," chattered cousin Paul's wife.

But it was too small to burn anything much larger than cigarette papers and toothpicks, so it didn't warm up much. We tried to play games, but soon gave it up, owing to the lack of space and the increasing cold. We had been across the bay to a party the night before, and had got in somewhere about two A. M., and drowsiness was added to our other discomforts.

With a wistful look, Mildred left the sweetest of the Maynard girls, and coming over to where I sat with a lap robe thrown over my knees, she drew a footstool up beside me; and, after a little I opened my coat and my arms, and incidentally my heart, and took her in.

"Fun, isn't it?" I couldn't help saying, though I was very sorry for the tired, conscientious little hostess.

"Don't, Tom," she said, pitifully, and saw her lips quiver. "I'll try to think twice before I do anything again. And, Tom?"

"Yes."

"I've just got to go to sleep a minute—but don't let 'em know it; talk to me once in a while."

Conversation gradually died away, the fire followed suit, and we were left with the November chill, the rain and the wind.

A pile of sofa pillows marked the last resting place of Paul's wife and the sweetest Maynard girl, while her stately sister, fast asleep with her mouth open, presented anything but a statuesque appearance.

We men smoked on stoically, with only now and then a muttered remark of a complimentary nature, as we thought of the comforts of home.

The little clock on the mantel fussily announced that it was eleven. Paul, whose snores had formed a pleasing accompaniment to the shrieking wind for the last hour, suddenly sat up, and, seizing the poker, began hammering on the andirons, at the same time singing at the top of his voice, something about if

somebody was waking to call him early, for he or Miss Maynard—I couldn't tell which, as he shied a handful of peanuts at her at this juncture—was to be "Que-un of the May."

The heap of pillows yawned and gave up a tousled head and a pair of frightened eyes. Something stirred near my heart, and Mildred peeped out, for all the world like a chicken from beneath its mother's wing.

There came a lull in the music, the singer necessarily pausing for breath, and we heard the sound of swiftly approaching feet. They stumbled up the steps, the hall door was thrown violently

open, and there stood Elsie. Her hair was hanging, wet and stringy, about her face, she was panting and draggled; but these details were forgotten when we saw her tragic face and tightly locked hands. We sprang to our feet; at least those of us did who were without incumbrances.

"What is it?" we demanded, thinking of burglars—arson—murder, and sudden death.

"Wh-at do you think he's done?" she panted.

"Who? What?" we cried in unison.
"Ji-Jimmie. He-he's coaxed the Lady Alden to stay all night!"

THE HYPOCRITE

By WITTER BYNNER

When Celia said that for her sake
I must not take of wine,
My habit or her heart must break,
I straightway drew the line—
Yet not so much for Celia's sake
As secretly for mine.

By grace of her I'm full of wit,
And so the grape—what matters it?

I gave it up because I won
A wine thereby so rare
That out of all the vineyards none
Has yielded to compare!—
I left it off because I won
The sparkling of her hair!

By grace of her I feel my worth
Immortal on a mortal earth.

And Celia meantime loves to laud
My exodus from vice,
And does not guess me by the fraud
Intoxicated thrice,
Watches in fact a little awed
The seeming sacrifice.

I wonder would she take amiss
Confession of my wickedness?

THE REVOLT OF CALIBAN

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Author of "The Man on the Box," "Half a Rogue," etc.

CARRINGTON folded the document and thoughtfully balanced it on his palm. What an ironical old world it was! There was a perpendicular wrinkle above his nose, and his lips had thinned into a mere line which drooped at the corners. The drone of a typewriter in the adjoining room sounded above the rattle-tattle of the street below. Through the opened windows came a vague breath of summer redolent of flowers and grasses; for it was but eleven o'clock of the morning, and the smell of sun-baked brick and asphalt had not yet risen through the air. Far beyond the smoking, ragged sky-line Carrington could see the shifting, glittering river and the great ships going down to the sea. Presently the ashes from his dead cigar fell in a gray cascade down his coat and tumbled across his knees, but he gave no heed.

Ironical old world indeed! Here, suddenly and unexpectedly, he found himself upon the battlefield of love and duty, where all honest men find themselves, sooner or later. To pit the heart against the conscience, impulse against calculation! Heigho! Duty is an implacable goddess, and those who serve her most loyally are most ruthlessly driven. She buffets us into this corner and into that, digs pitfalls for the hesitant foot, and ruthlessly crushes the vacillating.

As all men will, Carrington set about to argue down his conscience: the heart is so insistent a counselor. Why should he give up the woman he loved, simply because duty demanded he should? After all, was not duty merely social obligation? What was it to him that the sheep were sheared? Was it right that he, of all men, should divide the house,

throw the black pall of dishonesty over it, destroy his own happiness and hers, when so simple a thing as a match would crumble into nothingness this monument to one man's greed and selfishness? The survival of the fittest: if he put aside Self, who would thank him? Few, and many would call him a fool or a meddler. So many voices spoke that amid the clamor he seemed to hear none distinctly:

He alone had made these astonishing discoveries; he alone had followed the cunningly hidden trail of the serpent. He could stop where he was and none would be the wiser. To be sure, it was only a question of time when the scandal would become public through other channels; but in that event he would not be held responsible for bringing about the catastrophe. Besides, the ways of the serpent are devious and many, and other investigators might not come so close to the trail.

He had gone about his investigations without the least idea where they would lead him. At the beginning he had believed that the guilty ones were none higher than petty officials; but presently he found himself going over their heads, higher and higher, until, behold! he was at the lair of the old serpent himself. A client had carelessly dropped a bit of information, and it had taken seed with this surprising result. Henry Cavanaugh, millionaire promoter, financier, trust magnate, director in a hundred money-gathering concerns; Henry Cavanaugh, the father of the girl he loved and who loved him! It seemed incredible.

It was not a case of misappropriation of funds, such as a man may be guilty of when temporarily hard pressed. It was

a bold and fraudulent passing of dividends that rightfully belonged to the investors; of wrongfully issuing statements of bolstered expenses, lack of markets, long strikes (promoted by Cavanaugh and his associates!), insufficient means of transportation. An annual dividend of seven per cent. on many millions had been dishonestly passed over. The reports that there would be no dividends encouraged a slump in the listed price of the stock, and many had sold under par value, thereby netting to Cavanaugh and others several millions. And the proof of all this lay in his hand!

It had been a keen hunt. Many and many a blind trail had he followed, only to come back to the start again. All there now remained for him to do was to pass this document on to the hands of the intrepid district attorney, and justice would be meted out to the guilty.

Her father! The picture of him rose suddenly and distinctly in his mind. Tall, powerfully built, a hooked nose, keen blue eyes, an aggressive chin, a repellent mouth, Henry Cavanaugh was the personification of the modern Crœsus. Immutable in purpose, dogged in perseverance, a relentless enemy, a Jesuit in that the end always justified the means, he stood a pillar in the world of finance, where there is sometimes justice but never any mercy. Thirty-five years before he had been a messenger in a stock-broker's office. Of his antecedents nothing was known until he broke one of the famous gold corners in the '70s, when a handsome, ruddy-cheeked little Irishman bobbed up serenely from nowhere in particular and claimed to be the great Cavanaugh's father. But his proofs were not convincing, and when the son showed a decided contempt for him, he gently subsided into oblivion, and he was heard of no more. From time to time Carrington gathered a small crumb of information regarding his sweetheart's grandfather; but whenever he broached the subject, however tact-

fully, everybody concerned headed the conversation for a different port.

Carrington had never laid eyes on the old gentleman, and, for all he knew to the contrary, he might be a myth. He reasoned that in all probability the grandfather was illiterate, uncouth, and rather an awkward piece of family furniture to handle, when the family proper were ingratiating themselves into the Chippendales of society. Unfortunately, Mother Cavanaugh, good-hearted and amiable in her way, had been stung by the bee of the climbers, and her one ambition was to establish herself and daughters in society; and had not he (Carrington) come of an aristocratic family (poor, it is true), the doors of the Cavanaugh manor would never have opened to his knock. Even as it was, he was *persona non grata* to the millionaire, who was mad for a duke in the family. Besides, Cavanaugh had his suspicions of any lawyer who grubbed outside the breastworks.

Some doves circled above a church-spire a few streets over the way, breaking the sunbeams against their polished wings. Finally they settled on the slate roof and fell to strutting and waddling and swelling their breasts pompously. Carrington opened and refolded the document, but he did not take his eyes from the doves. What should he do? What ill wind had blown this thing into his doorway? Nothing had warned him of the impending tangle. Until two days ago Cavanaugh was at the other end of the world, so far as his investigations at that time were concerned.

He struck a match. The sliver of pine flared palely in the sunshine, writhed and dropped, black and charred, to the floor. He shrugged his shoulders. Chivalry of this sort was not the order of the day. There was something stronger than the voice of duty, something stronger than the voice of the heart; it was the voice of pity, which urged its appeal for the hundreds of men and women who

had invested their all in the Cavenaugh concerns. The thought of their ultimate ruin, should Cavenaugh be permitted to pursue his course unchecked, bore heavily upon him. No, he could not do it. He must fight, even if he lost his all in the battle. It is a fine thing to right a wrong. All the great victories in the world have been won for others than the victors. That Cavenaugh was the father of the girl he loved must have no weight on the scales of justice. Resolutely he thrust the document into his coat pocket, closed his desk and relighted his cigar. In that moment he had mapped out his plan of action. That very night he would lay the whole thing before the girl herself, and whatever decision she made, he would stand or fall by it, for he knew her to be the soul of honor.

Poor girl! It was a heart-breaking business. How in the world should he begin, and where should he stop? Ah, that was it! He would lay the matter before her in a manner that would conceal the vital nearness of the case, as if it were some client of his who was unknown to her. And when she had judged the case, he would speak the bald truth. It would be a cruel blow, but nevertheless he must deal it. She loved her father, and after his own peculiar fashion her father loved her. She was the only one in the family who could wheedle him out of a purpose; to the rest of the family his word was law immutable. It was very hard, sighed Carrington. For the father he had neither pity nor sympathy; there were many ugly tales about his financial dealings; but his whole heart went out unreservedly to the girl.

When Carrington had gone to Cavenaugh, his heart in his throat, to speak to him relative to his daughter's hand, he unwittingly knocked off the top of a volcano.

"Marry my daughter?" Cavenaugh roared, emphasizing his wrath and disapproval with a bang of fist upon palm.

"My daughter shall marry only among her equals, not among her inferiors. A king is not good enough for my Kate." There was another bang of the fist, decided and final. "A lawyer? Not if I know myself. I wouldn't trust a lawyer out of sight," bluntly. "Kate shall marry a duke or a prince, if I can find one suitable."

Carrington would have smiled had the moment been less serious.

"No man can possibly appreciate her worth more readily than I, sir," he replied, "or love her more dearly."

"Love?" with a snort. "Twaddle out of story-books!"

"But you yourself love her."

"I'm her father," Cavenaugh returned complacently, adding a gesture which had the effect of describing the fact that it was perfectly logical for a father to love his daughter, but that it wasn't logical at all for any other male biped to love her.

"I am sorry," said the disheartened suitor, rising. "I suppose that after this unpleasant interview—"

"Oh, you're a decent sort," interrupted Cavenaugh, generously; "and if you are of a mind to behave yourself hereafter, you will always find a chair at my table. But my daughter is not for you, sir; emphatically not. That is all, sir;" and Cavenaugh picked up his evening paper.

After such a rebuff, most young men would have given up; but Carrington never gave up till there was no possibility of winning. Immediately after the interview he went to the higher court with his appeal.

"Let us have patience," the girl whispered. "I will undertake to bring him to reason."

But Carrington went home that night without his love for the father increasing any.

And so the matter stood at the present time. The affair had gone neither forward nor backward.

Ah, were he less honest, how easily he could bring the old curmudgeon to terms. There was that in his pocket which would open the way to the altar, quickly enough. But Carrington was



"A LAWYER? NOT IF I KNOW MYSELF!"

manly and honest to the core, and to him blackmail stood among the basest of crimes. Many times during the past forty-eight hours the tempter had whispered in his ear that here was a way out of his difficulties; but the young man had listened unmoved.

During the summer and autumn months of the year the Cavenaugh's lived at their country place over in New Jersey, and there Carrington spent the week-ends. There were horses to ride, golf and tennis, and a Saturday night dance at the Country Club. To be with the girl you loved, even if you couldn't have her, was some compensation. Cavenaugh never joined the fêtes and sports of the summer colonists, but he offered no objections to the feminine members of his household for selecting Carrington as their escort for the week-ends. Indeed, by now he began to consider

Carrington as a harmless, sensible, well-groomed young man, who relieved him of all the painful duties to the frivolous. If the colonists insisted on coupling his daughter's name with Carrington's, let them do so; when the proper moment came he would disillusionize them. For himself, he always had some good old crony down to while away the dull Sundays; and together they consummated plans that gave the *coup de grâce* to many a noble business galleon. This particular summer there were no dukes or princes floating around unattached, and Cavenaugh agreed that it was a commendable time to lay devices by which to ambush the winter money.

There were nights when Cavenaugh did not sleep very well; but of this, more anon.

Shortly after his determination to tell Kate half a truth, Carrington left the office and made an early train into New Jersey. All the way over to the Cavenaugh station he was restless and uneasy. The fatal papers still reposed in his pocket. He had not dared to leave them in the office safe; his partner, who had had no hand in the investigation, might stumble across them, and that was the last thing in the world he desired. He knew not exactly what to do with them; for they burned like fire in his pocket, and seemed to scorch his fingers whenever he touched them to learn if they were still there. A thousand and one absurd suppositions assailed him. Supposing, for instance, there should be a wreck? Supposing he should be robbed? Supposing he should leave his vest on the links? And so forth and so forth. It was very depressing. If only he stood in the open, unhandicapped; if only he might throw the gauntlet at Cavenaugh's feet the moment they met!

Ah, if he had only attended to his own affairs! But he hadn't; and his inquisitiveness had plunged him into a Chinese tangle from which there seemed to be no exit. But there was an exit; only, if at

that moment Cassandra had whispered the secret into his ear, it would have appealed to him as the most improbable thing under the sun. However, there are no trustworthy Cassandras these sordid days; a single look into the future costs a dollar; and as for Greek choruses, they trundle push-carts on the East Side.

He had broken bread and eaten salt at Cavanaugh's table; and now it was decreed that he must betray him. It was not a pleasant thought. And still less pleasant was the thought of telling Kate (in a roundabout fashion, it is true) that her father was not an honest man. According to financial ethics, what Cavanaugh did was simply keen business instinct; nothing more. If you or I should happen to bend an odd cornice of the majestic pillar of law, we'd be haled off to the county jail forthwith; but if we possessed the skill to smash the whole fabric, or rather (to continue the metaphor) the whole pillar, the great world would sit up and admire us. What are old laws for, anyhow? Build you never so wisely your law, there will always be some one to come along and tack on a nice little amendment, subtly undoing in a moment what it took years of labor to accomplish. In this instance, Cavanaugh had been careless; he had forgotten to introduce his amendment. An infinitesimal grain of sand will stop the best regulated clock. The infallible invariably die on the heels of their first victory.

On leaving the train, Carrington espied the Cavanaugh station carriage. The coachman was talking to a little, wiry old man, whose gray eyes twinkled and whose complexion was mottled and

withered like a wind-fall apple. Seeing Carrington draw nigh, the coachman touched his hat respectfully, while the little old man, who was rather shabbily dressed, stepped quickly around the corner of the platform. Evidently he did not wish to be inspected at close range. Carrington threw his suit-case and golf-bag into the carriage, and followed them. Thereupon the coachman touched the horses lightly, and they started westward at a brisk trot.

"Who's your friend?" asked Carrington, who, though never familiar, was always friendly toward his inferiors.



CARRINGTON ESPIED THE COACHMAN TALKING TO
A LITTLE, WIRY OLD MAN

"He's no friend of mine, sir," answered the coachman, with well-bred contempt. "Miss Cavanaugh directed me to drive you straight to the club, sir."

"Very well," replied Carrington,

lighting a cigar and settling back among the cushions.

Immediately he forgot all about the shabby old man, and began to inventory his troubles. He must hide the papers somewhere. All the evidence he had, together with the names of the witnesses, was on his person; for in making the whole he had prudently destroyed the numerous scraps. If this document fell into alien hands, the trouble would double itself. He puffed quickly, and the heat of the cigar put a smart on his tongue. He had nothing to do but wait.

On the steps of the club's *porte cochère* he was greeted by Miss Cavenaugh, who was simply and tastefully dressed in white. If there was a sudden cardiac disturbance in Carrington's breast, the girl's tender beauty certainly justified it. The fresh color on her cheeks and lips, the shining black hair that arched a white forehead, the darkly fringed blue eyes, the slender, rounded figure, the small feet and shapely hands, all combined to produce a picture of feminine loveliness warranted to charm any masculine eye. Let the curious question Cavenaugh's antecedents, if they were so inclined, thought Carrington; here was abundant evidence of what a certain old poet called the splendid corpuscle of aristocracy.

Her sister went by the sonorous name of Norah. She was seventeen, a bit of a tomboy, but of the same build and elegant carriage that distinguished Kate from ordinary mortals; only Norah's eyes were hazel-tinted and her hair was that soft, warm brown of the heart of a chestnut-bur. She was of merry temperament, quick to like or to dislike, and loyal (like her sister) to those she loved. Both girls possessed that uncommon gift in women, the perfect sense of justice. You never heard them gossiping about anybody; and when a veranda conversation drifted toward scandal, the Cavenaugh girls invariably drifted toward the farther end of the veranda. All the

men admired them; they were such good fellows.

The mother of the girls was, as I have remarked, good-natured and amiable, inclined toward stoutness, and a willing listener to all that was going on. She considered it her bounden duty to keep informed as regarded the doings of her intimate friends, but with total lack of malice. At this moment she occupied her favorite corner on the club veranda, and was engaged in animated tittle-tattle. She nodded and smiled at Carrington.

Norah was playing tennis. She waved her racket at the new arrival. Carrington was her beau-ideal.

He hurried into the dressing-room and shortly returned in his golf flannels. He was a sturdy chap, not at all handsome, but possessing a countenance full of strong lines. He inspired your trust and confidence, which is far better than inspiring your admiration.

"I am not going to play to-day," said Kate, "so I'll follow over the course and watch you play. I haven't seen you for a whole week; and I can't talk and play too," smiling.

"Forward, then!" cried Carrington, beckoning to his caddy.

He played a nervous, fidgety game that afternoon. Every time he teed his ball the document spoke from his pocket with an ominous crackle. There was not one brilliant stroke to his credit. This puzzled the girl, for only last week he had been runner-up in the annual tournament for crack amateurs. He made the ninth hole indifferently, then turned to the girl, smiling whimsically.

"You are not playing up to your form to-day, John," she observed.

"I admit it," he replied, tossing his club to the caddy, who, well versed in worldly affairs, serenely shouldered the bag and made off toward the clubhouse. "My heart isn't in the game, Kate. The fact is, I'm in a peck of trouble." He determined to tell her at once. There

might not be another opportunity like this.

"Why, John!" reproachfully.

"Oh, it came only yesterday. I haven't been hiding it. I'm in a kind of pocket, and can't exactly see my way out. I want your advice; and you must be the jury and judge rolled into one."

They were standing on a hill, and far away they could see the pale line where the shimmering summer sea met the turquoise bowl of heaven.

"Tell me what your difficulty is, John, and I will judge it the best I know how."

He never knew what a simple, beautiful name John was till it fell from the lips of this girl. Many called him Jack; but only his mother and this girl called him John. He motioned toward the sand-box, and they sat down. The other players were well scattered about, out of hearing. He made out his case skilfully enough, giving his plaintiff and defendant fictitious names. The thing grew so real to him, as he went on, that toward the end he rose to the dramatics. The girl listened, but with never a glance at him. Rather her gaze roved over the dancing gray waters and followed the lonely white sail that stood out to sea. And when he reached the climax, silence of some duration fell upon them.

"Should this man be punished?" he asked at length.

"He is guilty; he has broken two laws, the civic and human. Oh, the poor people!" pathetically. "They are never at peace; the wolf harries them, and the jackal; they are robbed, beaten and spurned. They are like sheep, not knowing how to fight. They arrest a man for his poverty; they applaud him for his greed. It is all very wrong."

The sail fell under the shadow of a cloud, and they both watched it till it flashed into the sunlight again.

"A woman's intuition is sometimes abnormally keen. You are strong enough to fight such things without the advice of a woman. Is there not something

vital to me in all this? Is it not—is it not my father, John?"

II

Carrington faced her swiftly. He had not expected this. There was something in her handsome eyes that barred the way to subterfuge. The lie died unspoken, and he dropped his gaze and began to dig up the turf with the toe of his shoe.

"Is it my father, John?"

"Yes. Oh, Kate," with a despairing gesture, "I'm the most miserable fellow alive! To think that this should fall into my hands, of all hands in the world!"

"Perhaps it is better so," quietly. "Nothing is without purpose. It might have come to test your honesty. But you are sure, John; it is not guesswork?"

"All the evidence is in my pocket. Say the word, and the wind shall carry it down to the sea. Say the word, heart o' mine!"

He made a quick movement toward his pocket, but she caught his arm.

"Do nothing foolish or hasty, John. Tearing up the evidence would not undo what is done. Sooner or later murder will out. If my father is culpable, if in his thoughtless greed for money he has robbed the poor, he must be made to restore what he has taken. I know my father; what he has done appears perfectly legitimate to him. Can he be put in prison?"

"It all depends upon how well he defends himself," evasively.

She went on. "I have been dreading something like this; so it is no great surprise to me. He is money-mad, money-mad; and he hears, sees, thinks nothing but money. But it hurts, John; I am a proud woman. My grandfather—" Her lips shut suddenly. "Money!" with a passionate wave of the hand. "How I hate the name of it, the sound of it, the thought of it! I love my father," with a defiant pride; "he has always been ten-

der and kind to me; and I should not be of his flesh and blood had I not the desire to shield and protect him."

"The remedy is simple and close at hand," suggested Carrington gently.

"If I permitted you to do this, I should destroy my faith in both of us. It would erect a barrier which would be insurmountable. That is not the way out."

"I have weighed all these things," discouragedly.

He took the document from his pocket and caught it in a way that indicated how easily it might be ripped into halves, the halves into quarters, the quarters into infinitesimal squares of meaningless letters.

"Once more, shall I, Kate?"

"No, John. That would only make our difficulties greater. But I do ask this one favor: put your evidence into the hands of a strange attorney; have nothing to do with the prosecution, for my sake."

"I must have the night to think it over. Most of my attacks are not herein written; I dared keep them only in my head."

"I am very unhappy," said the girl.

He took her hand and kissed it reverently. He longed to console her, but no words he had in mind seemed adequate.

"Fore!" came lazily over the knoll. They were no longer alone. So together they wandered slowly back to the clubhouse. Tea was being served, and Carrington drank his abstractedly. From time to time he joined the conversation, but without any heart. Some of the busier ladies whispered that it looked this time as though Kate had given the young man his *congé*.

Kate was very unhappy; her father was not hostest, and the man she loved had come into the knowledge of the fact. Ah, how quickly shadow can darken sunshine!

"What did you make it in to-day, Mr. Carrington?" asked Norah.

"Make what?" he questioned absently.

"The course, Mr. Goose! What did you think I meant?"

"Oh," lamely, "I made a bad play at the beginning, and gave it up."

It took the young lawyer some time to dress for dinner that night. His usually direct mind vacillated between right and wrong, wrong and right; and he floated from one to the other like an unattached cork. He made a dozen annoying blunders in dressing. And when finally the pier-glass reflected an irreproachable and finished picture, he searched his cast-off vest for his growing Frankenstein and transferred it to the pocket of his coat. Frankenstein! Here was no story-Frankenstein; it was genuine, and was like to turn upon him at any moment and rend him. He shrugged and proceeded down the stairs. There are soliloquies that sometimes leave an unpleasant taste behind. So he pinned his faith to the banner of the late genial and hopeful Micawber: something might turn up for the benefit of all concerned.

The hall and living-room at the Cavanaugh manor were one and the same. There were book-cases ranging along the walls, window-seats, a reading-table and an ancient chimney-seat. As Carrington turned the first landing he stopped.

"Father, I think it positively dreadful the way you treat poor grandpa." This was Norah.

There was a crackle of a newspaper.

"Never mind, Norah, darling; your grandpa is used to it. It doesn't matter."

It was the sight of the last speaker that brought Carrington to a stand. Norah's grandpa was no less a person than the shabbily dressed old man he had seen at the station that afternoon. What kind of a family skeleton in the closet was he that they kept him *en camera*? He coughed and went on.

Norah was plucky, whole-hearted, frank and encouraging.



"KATE, THE FACT IS, I'M IN A PECK OF TROUBLE"

"Mr. Carrington," she said immediately, "this is my grandpa."

Carrington did not hesitate a moment, but smiled and thrust out his hand, which the other grasped with a questioning air of diffidence.

"Glad to meet you, sir," said Carrington.

Cavanaugh *filis* glanced over the top of his paper, scowled, and resumed his reading. Kate hadn't come down yet, so she missed this scene. When she did appear, there was no visible sign of any previous agitation. She and Norah were thoroughbreds.

"Why, grandpa!" she cried, extending her hand.

The old man bowed over it and kissed it, and his action was lacking neither in grace nor gallantry.

"I happened to be down this way on business," said the old man with a glance at his son, "and thought I'd drop in."

"Dinner is served," said the splendid butler, as he slid back the doors to the dining-room.

The old man looked about him questioningly, and Norah slipped her arm through his. "You'll have to take me in, grandpa," she laughed.

The old man's eyes shone for a moment, and he patted her hand.

"I'm as proud as a king, Norah."

Now, Carrington could read between the lines. It was manifestly plain that grandpa was not welcome to Cavanaugh. But why? Mrs. Cavanaugh scarcely tolerated him. While the girls seldom if ever spoke of him, it was evident that both held him in their affections. There were many strange things going on in the Cavanaugh manor; and Carrington entered the dining-room in a subdued state of mind.

By degrees Norah succeeded in drawing the pariah out of himself. Carrington was soon listening to an amazing range of adventures. The old man had seen Cuba in the filibusters' time, he had fought the Canadian constabulary as a fenian, he had been a sailor, and had touched the shores of many strange lands. Grandpa Cavanaugh was anything but illiterate. Quite often there was a flash of wit, a well-turned phrase, a quotation. He had, besides, a comprehensive grasp of the politics of all countries.

Carrington saw at once that his half-formed opinion was a house of cards. There was no reason in the world why they should be ashamed of him, shunt him off into the side-track of obscurity, and begrudge him a plate at the table. Carrington realized that he was very close to some peculiar mystery, and that the old man's bitterest enemy was his son.

Throughout the meal the millionaire preserved a repelling silence. From time to time, when there was laughter, he scowled. Once or twice Mrs. Cavanaugh essayed to pass an observation across the table to him, but a curt nod was all she received for her pains. Presently Cavanaugh dropped his knife on his plate, and the pariah retreated meekly into his shell. In fact, he looked frightened, as if the thought had come to him that he had made an irreparable blunder in

warming under his grandchildren's smiles.

"Carrington," said Midas, balling his napkin and tossing it on the table, "your particular branch is corporation law, isn't it?"

"Yes. The firm has some reputation in that branch." Carrington glanced curiously at his host. What was coming now? Was it possible that Cavanaugh had in some way learned of his discoveries and was about to placate him?

"I believe you handled successfully the D. & M. railroad deal?"

"We won in three courts."

"Well," continued Cavanaugh, "I've been thinking of you to-day. The P. & O. counsel has had to give up on account of poor health, and Matthewson spoke to me yesterday, asking if I knew a man who could fill his place. It pays seventeen thousand dollars the year." He paused as if to let this magnificent salary sink into the deepest crevice of Carrington's soul. "What would you say to a permanent berth like that?" Cavanaugh positively beamed.

Kate stared at her father in astonishment. Was it possible that he was beginning to look favorably upon Carrington? Her glance traveled to Carrington. His expression she found puzzling.

"Seventeen thousand!" murmured the pariah, rubbing his hands, while his eyes sparkled.

Carrington deliberated for a space. He was hard put. He did not want to refuse this peace-offering, but nothing would make him accept it.

"This is very fine of you. Two years ago I should have jumped at the chance. But my agreement with my partner makes it impossible. I can not honestly break my contract within five years." He waited for the storm to burst, for Cavanaugh was not a patient man.

"Are you mad?" whispered Kate. A flush of anger swept over her at the thought of Carrington lightly casting aside this evident olive-branch.

"Would you have me accept it?" he returned, in a whisper lower than hers.

She paled. "I had forgotten."

The dinner came to its end, and everybody rose gratefully, for there seemed to be something tense in the air.

"Seventeen thousand honest dollars!" murmured the pariah, tagging along at the millionaire's heels.

Carrington threw him a swift penetrating glance; but the old man was looking ecstatically at the tinted angels on the ceiling. The old man might be perfectly guileless; but Carrington scented the faintly bitter aroma of irony.

Just before the carriage arrived to convey Carrington and the ladies to the club dance, grandpa appeared, hat in hand and a humble smile on his face. It was a very attractive face, weather-beaten though it was, penciled by the onset of seventy years.

"You are not going, are you, grandpa?" asked Norah.

"Yes, my child. I should be very lonesome here alone*with your estimable father. I'll drop in to-morrow for Sunday dinner; that is, if you are not going to have company. I am glad that I met you, Mr. Carrington."

"Poor old grandpa!" sighed Norah when the door closed upon him. "He has the ridiculous idea that he isn't wanted."

Nobody pursued the subject and Norah began to preen herself.

An idea came to Carrington. He wanted to be rid of his document. He spoke to Kate, who nodded comprehendingly. She led him into the dining-room. In one corner, protected by a low screen, was a small safe. This she threw open, and Carrington put the envelope into one of the pigeon-holes. The safe was absolutely empty, a fact which puzzled him not a little.

"We seldom use this," said the girl, reading the vague unspoken question in his eyes. "The jewel safe is upstairs in my room."

"It doesn't matter in the least," he re-

plied, smiling, "so long as I may safely rid myself of these obnoxious papers. And if you do not mind, I'll leave them there till Monday morning. I've thought it all out, Kate. A man's only human, after all. I could never prosecute the case myself; I'd be thinking of you and the bread I have eaten. I'll turn the matter over to Challoner, and let him do as he thinks best. Of course, I shall be called as a witness when the case comes up in court, if it ever does."

She did not reply, but shut the door of the safe and rose from her knees.

The south side of the dining-room was made up of long colonial windows that opened directly upon the lawn. They were more like doors than windows. She locked each one carefully and drew the curtain.

"Norah is probably growing impatient for us," she said.

With an indescribable impulse he suddenly drew her into his arms and kissed her. It might be the last he could ever claim.

"John!" she murmured, gently disengaging herself.

"I love you," he said, "and I could not help it. Everything looks so dark."

The clock in the hall chimed the quarter hour after eleven. Cavanaugh was in his den. His desk was littered with sheets of paper, upon which were formidable columns of figures and dollar signs. He sat back in his chair and listened. He thought he heard a door or window close; he wasn't certain. It was probably one of the servants. He bit off the end of a fresh cigar and resumed his work. Let the young people play golf, if they wanted to, and dance and frivol away the precious hours; they would never know the joy of seeing one become two, two become four, and so on, till the adding grew into the ransoms of many kings. Ay, this was to live. Oh, the beautiful numerals! Brigade after brigade, corps after corps, they marched at a sign



"WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?" HE ASKED, EYING CARRINGTON SUSPICIOUSLY

from him; an army greater than that of kings. To sit in a little room, as in a puppet-booth, and juggle the policies of the nations! Yes, Kate should have a duke and Norah a prince; he would show them all some day. Recollecting Carrington, he frowned. Did the fellow know anything, that he felt the power to refuse an offer such as he had made at the supper table? Bah! It would be like crushing some insect. He determined that this should be Carrington's last visit. His pen moved once more, and presently he became lost in his dreams of calculation.

But Cavenaugh's ears had not deceived him, however, for he had heard the sound of a closing window. A win-

dow had been closed, but none of the servants had been at hand.

At precisely eleven a man came swiftly but cautiously across the lawn. When he reached the long windows of the dining-room he paused, but not irresolutely. There was a sharp rasping sound, followed by the uncertain glare that makes the light of a dark-lantern separate and individual, and a window swung noiselessly inward. The room was in total darkness. The man wore a short mask, a soft felt hat well down over his eyes. He cupped his hand to his ear and strained to catch any sound. Silence. Then he dropped behind the screen, consulted a slip of paper by the light of his lantern, and with a few quick turns of

the combination-knob opened the door of the safe. He extracted the envelope and thrust it into his pocket, without so much as a glance at its contents. In making his exit, the window stuck on the sill. In pressing it the lock snapped loudly. This was the sound Cavenaugh heard. The burglar ran lightly across the lawn and disappeared beyond the hedges. And none too soon.

The Cavenaugh drag rolled over the hill and went clattering up to the *porte cochère*.

On the way home Carrington, his mind still wavering between this expedient and that, decided that, after all, he would take charge of the papers himself. It didn't seem quite fair that Cavenaugh's safe should protect his ultimate disgrace. So, upon entering the house, he confided his desire to Kate, who threw aside her wraps and led him into the dining-room. She had her own reasons for wishing the papers out of the safe. She turned on the lights and twirled the combination-knob. At this moment Norah came in.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Mr. Carrington left some valuable papers in the safe, and he wants them."

"Papers?" Norah murmured.

Kate opened the door. She sprang to her feet in terror and dismay.

"What is it?" cried Carrington, who saw by her expression that something extraordinary had happened.

"They—it is not there!"

Norah sat down and hid her face on her arms.

Carrington rushed over to the safe, stooped and made a hasty examination. It had been opened by some one who knew the combination! He stood up, a cold chill wrinkling his spine. He saw it all distinctly. Cavenaugh knew. He had known all along. Cavenaugh had overheard him speak to Kate, and had opened the safe after their departure for

the club. It was all very cleverly done. He knew that Kate was utterly blameless. Then it dawned upon him that they appeared as though they accepted the catastrophe as not wholly unexpected! To what did this labyrinth lead?

A rattle of the curtain-rings wheeled them about. They beheld Cavenaugh himself standing in the doorway.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, eying Carrington suspiciously.

Carrington answered him icily. "I left some legal documents of great value in this safe; they are no longer there."

Cavenaugh's jaw dropped. He stared at Kate, then at Norah. If ever there was written on a face unfeigned dismay and astonishment, it was on the millionaire's. A moment before Carrington would have sworn that he was guilty; now he knew not what to believe. There had certainly been a burglar; but who was he?

"Mr. Carrington," said Cavenaugh, pulling himself together with an effort, "you need have no worry whatever. I will undertake to restore your documents. I offer you no explanations." He left them abruptly.

The young lawyer concluded to grope no longer. Somebody else would have to lead him out of this labyrinthine maze. All at once there came to him a sense of infinite relief. Providence had kindly taken the matter out of his hands.

"Never mind, Kate," he said. "For my part, I should be entirely satisfied if I never saw the miserable thing again."

"Father will find it for you." Her eyes were dim with tears of shame.

"What is it, girl?"

"Nothing that I can explain to you, John. Good night."

When he had gone to his room, Norah turned to her sister and sobbed:

"Oh, Kate!"

"What is the matter, child?"

"I told grandpa the combination!"

THE DISCIPLE OF A DESERTER

By HARRIET GAYLORD

Author of "A Gordian Knot," etc.

FOR all Gordon Crawford knew, it was merely a matter of chance that he and Mr. Hobart, the cashier, were leaving the bank at the same hour on Thursday afternoon.

"How is this, Crawford?" said the older man. "You're late."

"And all because a seven-cent difference in my cash floored me!" Crawford usually enjoyed his mistakes. He had the enviable faculty of living on both sides of the footlights.

"Come home with me, won't you?" said Mr. Hobart, signaling a cab. "We have postponed knowing each other too long. You haven't anything else on hand, I hope?"

"Not a thing, thank you."

As they sped up the avenue, Mr. Hobart turned suddenly to the young man.

"Do you know you have been a great help to me in the bank?" he asked. "We haven't seen much of each other, but I have always felt we were friends."

Crawford flushed with pleasure as he answered:

"It is I who should say that, only your friendship has been active. I suspect that I owed my last promotion to you. Am I right?"

"As receiving teller? You are unjust to your abilities. I prophesy that you will need no friendly voice to raise you some day to the highest offices the bank affords. You are made of the stuff that succeeds."

Such words were good to hear, doubly so from Warren Hobart. As Crawford looked into the frank blue eyes, he realized why this man was a favorite with all women and most men. Tall, portly, distinguished, his rather deliberate manner was a curious mixture of shrewd reticence and impulsive frankness. Those

who yielded to the spell of his *bonhomie*, realized afterward with a shock that self-revelation had been peculiarly one-sided. He was not an easy man to know, but if one did not wish to like him, and, in spite of his reserve, to trust him, one must not venture within the charmed circle of his magnetic personality.

"What is success, Mr. Hobart?" asked Crawford, smiling to cover the awkwardness he felt at this unexpected praise. "How does it feel?"

"If I attempted to answer that question, you might well mistrust my estimate," replied Hobart, a whimsical expression playing about his mouth. "It is only the limited and the ignorant who throw bouquets at themselves because they have attained. The men who are worth while are chasing something beyond to the end of the race. If I had a suspicion that I didn't belong among them, do you think I'd betray myself? I want you to think well of me."

"This will sound very boyish, Mr. Hobart, but from the day I entered the bank I have wanted to be like you. To be what you are, seems to me success."

The other man suddenly sobered and into his eyes flashed a strange, almost haunted look, which Crawford never forgot.

"My boy," came the answer, "take no man for your model. I would save you from any such mistake. Believe me, the sense of having at all times done one's best is the only thing that counts. It is what makes high souls, and I have listened to the other voices. To you I may seem one of the men at the guns, but I am really a deserter. If I'm to inspire you, let it be as a warning, not as an example. Don't capitulate. If you can be fine and rare—and I know you can—

don't fail to be. It's the only thing that lives."

Not to err at the moment of a generous soul's voluntary humiliation must atone for innumerable lesser mistakes. Gordon Crawford spoke on the instant:

"Thank you. You are a true friend and I shall not forget your goodness in showing me wherein success lies."

"Always a little beyond, and many a slip on the path," answered Hobart. "But here we are at my quarters."

On the top floor of a large apartment hotel with a magnificent outlook over the park, Crawford was introduced to the household gods of the prosperous New York bachelor. The reception room was bizarre and splendid with a multiplicity of bronzes, paintings, rare porcelains, richly jeweled oddities, and tapestries that a king might envy. The young man had dreamed of nothing so choice. His clear-cut, vigorous face lighted with one of his irresistible smiles when the Japanese servant had withdrawn, and they were puffing away comfortably in easy chairs.

"Do we amuse you?" smiled Mr. Hobart in turn.

"Immensely! I was wondering if a ten-dollar hall bedroom in the West Forties could end in this!"

"Oh, yes, easily. That is a palatial beginning. Mine was in a grocery store at four dollars a week. You, on the contrary, had every early advantage, I understand, and the present is only a misfortune of war. Am I right?"

"Oh, in a way." Gordon Crawford's six feet of sturdy, dark manhood unmistakably breathed familiarity with the amenities of life. "Everything was smooth sailing till the winter after my graduation from Harvard. Then I was called home from Italy and the joys of a loafer and set to work. My father had died insolvent."

"I remember. Mr. Chatfield was his friend, I believe."

"Yes, or I fancy they wouldn't have

found my education sufficiently practical to have taken me in at the bank. It really hadn't occurred to me that I should ever need to think of bread and butter, and sometimes almost forget the taste of cigars and cognac." A sweep of the hand toward the inlaid glasses and dusky havanas on the table at his side was eloquent.

"It is only through abstinence that one acquires the 'daintier sense,' I believe." Mr. Hobart spoken absentmindedly, toying with his glass meanwhile. Then he looked keenly at Crawford. "Are you always cheerful or is it a pose? I have never once seen you moping."

"Oh, I'm fairly content except when I hear from my mother and realize how little I can do to help her financially. If she weren't wholly reasonable and patient, it wouldn't be so bad. But I am boring you with personal affairs."

"Not at all. I am intensely interested. Will you have Scotch or cognac? Do refresh your memory generously from those bottles. Where is your mother?"

"She lives with my invalid aunt in the suburbs of Albany. They own a home together. We have a few rather good pictures there, Mr. Hobart. I should like you to see them."

Art was plainly Warren Hobart's hobby.

"You are a connoisseur?" he asked. "Would you like to look at one or two of my treasures?"

"Indeed I should," answered Crawford. "If you had realized the strength of my desire, you would have given me a certificate of self-restraint some moments ago."

Hobart laughed as he arose.

"Let us yield to dissipation! Just come here, won't you, and look at this. Very good critics assure me that it is a Velasquez. I picked it up in the home of a señora who was kind to me in Ronda. It had been in her family for generations, and I have always fancied it was an early study for 'The Surrender of

Breda.' It can't be a copy. That horse must have fed in the court stables, and the faces are real Velasquez types. Do you know him well?"

"Fairly, though I have never been in Spain."

As Hobart kindled, his reticence passed. With boyish eagerness he dilated on the merits of a Perroneau, a Teniers, a Francia, a Watteau, and a Jordaens. At last a Romney head involved them in an animated discussion of portraiture.

"There is only one other Eighteenth Century portrait-painter that I like better," said Hobart finally. "Do you know Hoppner at all?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"Then I must introduce you to my holy of holies. The vulgar herd pause outside."

A quaint Gobelin tapestry of the parting of Hector and Andromache gave way at a touch. Crawford, who had expected to enter an ornate shrine, caught his breath with surprise; then turned to his host just late enough to disguise successfully the fact of having seen him turn a large silver photograph frame face downward on a chest of drawers. This, with two chairs and a brass bedstead, formed the furniture of a bare-floored, white and gold sleeping-room, whose only decoration was a painting hanging on the wall at the foot of the bed.

"How many men are you, Mr. Hobart?" he asked. "Evidently a good whole monk was spoiled when half of you became a sybarite."

"Merely microbe mania, my dear enthusiast. And anything beyond bare necessities would cheapen face to face with the Hoppner."

Crawford stepped in front of the picture, and his heart gave a sudden leap. Flashing a glance at the face of his host, he found there only keen artistic sensibility. The woman was painted in profile. Masses of dark hair confined care-

lessly by a golden band were coiled high upon the head, but loose, curling locks fell over ear, neck, and shoulder. The face, slightly elongated, was patrician in the extreme; the forehead and nose Greecian, the mouth perfect in its curves, the chin strong. The dark eyes bespoke languor and smoldering fire. Soft mull encircled a slender throat, poised proudly above a bodice of the reign of George the Third. It was the portrait of a woman of transcendent beauty; it was moreover a speaking presentment of the woman enshrined in Crawford's heart—Judith Van Deusen.

The silence grew oppressive. With a start he looked at Hobart, and in the sudden glance surprised the man's soul. He turned away, stunned by what he had read. Then his resolution was taken.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed in a matter-of-fact way. "And what a striking portrait of Miss Van Deusen!"

Betrayal was no longer on Hobart's face.

"Yes, isn't it?" he said. "It convinces one of reincarnation."

"Where did you find it?"

"My importer unearthed it in a Cheapside pawnbroker's shop two years ago, and he always gives me first choice of his discoveries. He would exhibit it, however, and this caused a rupture between Mr. Van Deusen and me. You know him?"

"As a poor devil of a bank clerk may. I knew them in Switzerland and we traveled together in Italy. Then came the deluge. Afterward Miss Van Deusen, with sweet charity, threw out a social rope to me. Her father, I think, considers me quite as harmless as her tailor or florist."

Hobart laughed.

"Poor old Peter! He has rather a miserable life counting his dollars and reminding himself he must be proud. When he discovered this portrait, he shattered the tenth commandment lamentably. Finding I appeared to have

a soul above financial considerations, he played his trump card by inviting me to dinner a few times, where he acted the democratic host with elephantine grace. I understood, when he began leaving me alone with Miss Van Deusen. She is as direct as he is circuitous, you know. Of course, I immediately surrendered. She was then good enough to withdraw her opposition to my retaining the portrait, but her father never forgave my obduracy and ordered his servants not to admit me in future."

Crawford said nothing. He was trying to see the picture in the light of an astounding revelation. So gradual had been its growth, that he had not realized the strength of his affection for this man until forced to balance it over against the love of woman. At last he turned.

"I feel as if I were standing at your side on the summit of the Matterhorn," he said simply, "and Miss Van Deusen were with us. I'll say good-by now and leave you two alone on the height."

Hobart, struck by a sudden suspicion, flashed penetrating eyes on the young man's face.

"There is no sting in your departure? It is not your choice that I should be the one to descend?"

"Neither mine nor hers, I am sure. And it is she who counts."

Warren Hobart's face was suddenly luminous.

"My dear young friend," he said, as they walked to the door; "my one regret is that I have waited till now to know you well. Always remember that. You are so entire. It would terrify me to live with you—to try and live up to your faith. Just one word of advice, if I may venture. Don't use a sledgehammer to break your eggs. It's beautiful of you—but then there are the eggs, you see. Must you go?"

Crawford smiled: "Thank you, yes. You have given me much to remember. Thank you again for all."

Once, when Gordon Crawford was a boy, his horse had taken a bad cropper in the hunt, breaking his foreleg. He loved that horse like a brother; no one else had ever ridden him. There was no time to summon help, for the creature was in agony. Choking down a sob, he drew his revolver and pressed it to the forehead. The poor beast's eyes sought his as

if in mute appeal to be forgiven for his failure and for causing his master pain. Warren Hobart clasped Crawford's hand warmly, even lingeringly, as they parted, and the look in his eyes tugged at a buried recollection. It was an hour later before past and present were suddenly linked together, and Crawford realized, with a shock of in-



GORDON CRAWFORD'S SIX FEET OF STURDY, DARK MANHOOD

credulous wonder, that the expression which had haunted his dreams for years in the eyes of a brute, he had seen once again in the eyes of a man.

That evening he sat alone in his room. He had found a letter from his mother, never an alarmist, saying she had kept back the knowledge that unless five thousand dollars were forthcoming, she would lose her home. He knew of no way in which he could secure the money. There were also bills which he was unable to meet, for cabs, for flowers, for books with rare bindings—only a portion of the tribute he had paid to the woman who had tried to keep him in the social set where by birth he belonged. He was very young, and the world had seemed a small offering to lay at her feet. Only in his wildest dreams, at some moment when her exquisite simplicity had caused him to forget the distance between them, had he thought of winning her. She was not like her father. Her position, her money, her beauty, her brains, she took for granted, heartily and healthily, and then, in all sincerity forgot; but Crawford gauged the power of convention and heredity too justly to fancy that a man who worked for his living could be regarded in the light of a matrimonial possibility.

It had been miserable to linger on the threshold, not daring to enter and close the door. To-day he had closed it behind him and passed outside and away. Even his faint hope he had resigned to a man whose eyes had cried unworthiness, whose words had attested it, but in whom every instinct forced him to believe. But so great a prize—Judith!

Judith!

It was after midnight when Gordon Crawford raised his head from the table where it had lain, buried in his arms. His was the face of one who has conquered.

Except for a nod and smile, and a few directions in regard to a deposit, Crawford saw nothing of his friend on Friday. On Saturday, at the opening hour,

he noticed that Mr. Hobart was not at his desk—a most unusual circumstance. Later in the morning there seemed to be an unwonted commotion centering about the office of Mr. Chatfield, the president. At once, with sharpened intuition, Crawford feared Mr. Hobart might be ill, until he saw Mr. Chatfield and Mr. Thayer, the first assistant cashier, with the bank detective, pass through to the vaults. Shortly after, the detective left the bank, and presently two of the directors entered, and with the vice-president and Mr. Thayer were closeted with Mr. Chatfield until the detective's return. Several men passed in and out, and then a summons came for Crawford.

If the irregular occurrences of the morning had not augured momentous disturbance, Crawford must have read it on the faces of the men before whom he stood. For a moment he feared he himself was the quarry whom they drove to bay, and wondered who had accused him falsely. But Mr. Chatfield said:

"I understand you left the bank with Mr. Hobart on Thursday in a cab. Have you any objection to informing us where you went with him?"

"Certainly not. We drove immediately to his hotel, where I remained perhaps an hour and a half."

"Were you in the habit of visiting him there?"

"No, sir. This was the first time."

"Excuse me, Mr. Crawford, but this is very grave business. Have you any objection to relating to us the trend of your conversation that day?"

Crawford hesitated, and was conscious that the two directors exchanged glances. Mr. Chatfield's eyes did not leave the young man's face until he answered clearly:

"The conversation was purely of a personal character. Mr. Hobart showed me many of his art treasures, and in the main we spoke of those."

"Did he give you any indication that he contemplated leaving the bank?"



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"I'LL SAY GOOD-BY NOW"

"Leaving the bank!" Crawford's surprise rang genuine. "Not the least in the world!"

"Then you did not know that Mr. Hobart intended to sail for London on the *Mesaba* at nine o'clock this morning, and is now on the high seas?"

"I did not." There was grim denial in his voice, grim denial in his heart, for he felt that his absent friend was assailed.

"Did he say nothing whatever to give you a clue in the light of what Mr. Chatfield has just told you?" broke in one of the directors.

Crawford thought before he answered, then spoke in a low tone:

"I hope you will believe me. I have always admired Mr. Hobart from across the gulf between us. I rather boyishly expressed this admiration. He seemed hurt and in a vague way declared himself unworthy. I did not believe him against himself, and left him with my admiration increased to reverence by the humility of a high-minded man. That is the whole story of the interview."

Mr. Chatfield looked suddenly old and broken.

"I do believe you," he said gently. "I recognize that mood in Mr. Hobart. If he was as a father to you, he has been as a son to me. Gentlemen, for eight years he has worked at my side, and I would have staked my life on his integrity and honor. But that is past. Mr. Crawford, I think that is all for the present. Thank you."

It was nearly noon when Crawford returned to his desk, but he remained an hour or two after the bank was closed, trying, with stunned brain to straighten his accounts. When he left, newsboys were calling the afternoon extras. Printed in enormous type across the top he read the words:

"Flight of Bank Official."

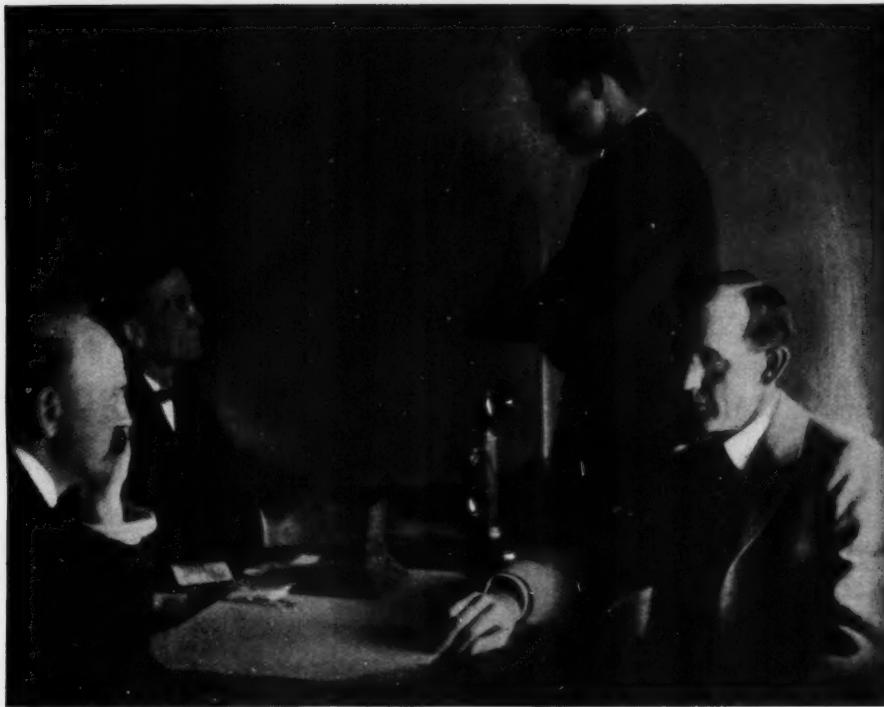
With a shudder, he bought a paper and ran through the columns. They knew so much more of Hobart's career

than those who had known him well for years! It was all there, even to a distorted picture of the room in which he had received Crawford. He had left his hotel the night before in a cab, and had been traced to the wharf of the steamer, where a man answering his description had booked as "George Warren, Chicago." The choice of a slow ship and the little effort he had made to cover his flight, indicated mental disturbance, especially in view of the authoritative statement of the bank officials that Hobart's books were absolutely correct.

"Thank God for that!" Crawford exclaimed aloud as he walked up the avenue.

What could he do? There was no probability of securing further information at Hobart's hotel. He had been obstinately trying to down the thought of the one person who might hold the clue—the only one. Now he faced it. Judith Van Deusen knew, but unless she opened her lips, his were sealed. He dared not seek her. Then he stopped as if shot, only resuming his quick pace as he caught the curious glances of the gaily attired Fifth Avenue throng.

Could it be she had gone with Hobart, forced to the step by her father's opposition? To win her, a greater than Warren Hobart might well count it all joy to run every risk compatible with honor, for without honor Crawford knew no man could hold her love. Was it the anticipation of this secret flight and the compunction of knowing that in following his fortunes Judith Van Deusen must renounce material luxury and social prominence, which had stung him to those vague self-accusations? Those words had surely been uttered as a plea for understanding when this blow should fall—and as a warning. Call at her house, Crawford dared not, for if he were wrong in the supposition, he above all men should hold aloof till she summoned him to her. Judith Van Deusen of her own free will had left that Hopp-



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MR. CHATFIELD'S EYES DID NOT LEAVE THE YOUNG MAN'S FACE UNTIL HE ANSWERED CLEARLY

ner portrait with Warren Hobart. It was without doubt her photograph he had so carefully concealed. Plainly, for Crawford there was nothing but the hardest duty in life—to wait.

So he did; walking for hours in the park that afternoon; wrestling with the mystery through the night and the Sunday; searching the papers in vain for further information, and going to the bank on Monday with every nerve acute. It was characteristic of his entirety that his faith in his friend never swerved.

Except for a subdued excitement among the employés of the bank, matters seemed to be assuming their normal course, when, at eleven, a policeman entered and was taken to Mr. Chatfield. Almost immediately the second assistant cashier left with the officer, returning an

hour later with a face white and drawn. One by one different men were summoned, and at last Crawford's turn came.

Mr. Chatfield looked ten years older than when he had seen him last.

"Mr. Crawford," he said, "our friend Mr. Hobart did not sail for Europe after all. He shot himself through the heart in a lower east side hotel at daybreak this morning."

"My God!" Crawford was forced to clutch the back of a chair before he could get a grip on himself. "Why?" he stammered.

"Only his Maker knows. He carefully destroyed every trace of his identity, but one of the policemen who chanced to be called had been the recipient of one of his many kindnesses,

and he broke down utterly when he recognized Hobart. We have completed the identification. I want to tell you"—here Mr. Chatfield turned away for a moment. Then with an effort he continued:

"I want to tell you how they found him. He was sitting by a table, his head plunged forward on his breast, a smile on his lips. The left hand had done the hateful act. The other held the pen with which he had scrawled weakly on a sheet of paper the one word, 'Finis,' followed by a long trailing dash and interrogation point."

Crawford resolutely gulped down the sobs rising in his throat.

"I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time," he kept repeating to himself. He owed this restraint to Mr. Chatfield, who was on the verge of breaking down.

"Thank you, sir, for telling me," he said brokenly. "May I have the address?"

"The coroner has finished his duties and they have taken him to an undertaker's establishment. I shall see to the rest. He had no relatives." As he spoke he wrote the address on a card and passed it to Crawford.

"Mr. Chatfield," said the young man hesitatingly, "the accounts were all straight, were they not?"

"I am glad to say the books are perfectly accurate. I will, however, tell you in confidence that a large sum of money is missing from the safe. It would seem that some sudden need drove him to appropriate the funds, and we may yet find he has made restitution. My relations to Mr. Hobart were such that I feel sure he would have counted on my protecting him in every possible way so long as there was a reasonable hope of his restoring the money. All the more, I must protect his memory and the standing of the bank. The world knows too much as it is. The afternoon papers are full of theories, but no sufficient motive can be

found for flight or suicide. My own feeling is that some secret sorrow drove Mr. Hobart insane."

"Beyond doubt, or he would have stood by the guns to the last. He was not a coward." As Crawford said this, he remembered that the man himself had spoken otherwise, and he had not believed him.

"Only his heart knew its bitterness," replied Mr. Chatfield. "We know his worth."

He bowed to the young man, and the interview was ended.

An hour later Crawford received a note by special messenger. It read:

"Dear Mr. Crawford:

I am going to ask a great favor of you. Will you let me pick you up at the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance of the Grand Central Station at four o'clock?

I shall be in a cab.

Yours sincerely,

JUDITH VAN DEUSEN."

The writing was wholly unlike her usual firm upright hand. He wrote a hurried answer, placing himself entirely at her service; afterward, he found it possible to count money and record deposits automatically, with every perception blunted.

He had not long to wait, but he would not have recognized her, had she not leaned forward and bowed. She was in black and heavily veiled.

"Where to?" asked the driver, as Crawford was about to step inside.

He looked at her questioningly.

"I want you to take me to see Mr. Hobart," she said in a whisper. "I want you to arrange so that no one in the world will know I went."

He referred to the card Mr. Chatfield had given him; then gave the man a number in the street above that in which the undertaker's shop was located. When he took his place at her side, she gave him her hand, saying only:

"Thank you."

"You honor me beyond all words, Miss Van Deusen," he answered.

She spoke with an effort, and with a note in her voice which tugged at his rigid self-control.

"I can't talk about it yet. If you will come to see me to-morrow evening, I will explain everything. By that time it will be a comfort to speak. A little boy—thrust that extra before me—as I stepped out of my carriage—this noon—and I haven't recovered—from the shock."

"There is no need to explain, Miss Van Deusen. I loved Mr. Hobart as if he were an elder brother."

He heard her draw a quick breath.

"I am so glad," she whispered.

They were silent until the cab stopped in a side street off Third Avenue.

"I told the man to come here," he said. "It is a safe place to leave you while I go around to the undertaker's. There will be reporters about, and I want to see if we can not get you in by some private way."

When he returned a few minutes later, he had judiciously invested a week's salary. A workingman accompanied him.

"If you will go with this man," he said, "I will be with you immediately." Ordering the driver to wait, he hurried around to the front entrance of the establishment and met Miss Van Deusen as the man piloted her through the back-yard.

"It is all right," he said. "No one will disturb you. He is in this room—alone."

She put out her hand to restrain him as he started to open the door—then clung to his arm like a child.

"I'm afraid," she whispered; "come with me. Oh, I'm afraid."

They entered together; they saw their friend. On his white face rested a smile of infinite peace, and for the moment Death was robbed of his terrors.

Suddenly Judith sank on her knees, her forehead pressed to the dead man's hand, and sobbed as she had not sobbed since she was a child.

"It is all my fault! my fault!" she moaned. "My God, how can I bear it?"

Gordon Crawford stood at her side in silence, knowing no words of his could reach her, but feeling vaguely that as yet she did not wish to be alone. When she was quiet again, he passed out and closed the door. A little later, when he rapped, she came to him at once, but only at her own door did she speak again.

"I can't thank you. It is beyond words. Please come to-morrow evening."

Crawford returned to the undertaker's to learn details he had not cared to ask Mr. Chatfield. Warring with his grief for his friend was the consciousness of Judith Van Deusen's words, the touch of her clinging hands, their entire oneness in sorrow. An Easter hope had burst for him from the ceremonies of Death.

It was nine o'clock when he let himself in at his boarding-house and went to his room. His letters lay on the table. He frowned as he saw they were mostly bills of pressing urgency. Tearing open one from his mother, he read that unless she had the necessary money by the end of that week, the mortgage would be foreclosed and she would be homeless. He must help her in some way, but how? What security could he give? For a long time he sat evolving and rejecting a dozen plans; then in a vague way he became conscious of an unfamiliar object lying on the bureau at his right. It was a small express package. As he undid the outer wrapper, a letter fell to the floor. Raising it, he recognized with a shock the handwriting of Warren Hobart. A mist came in his eyes as he tore the envelope open and read the weak, straggling characters:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—I have to take a long journey. I shall have no use for this money, but you have your life before you. I want you to take it and utterly conceal the fact that I gave it to you. No one on earth will know, if you spend it wisely. You will find something over four hundred thousand dollars inclosed in the package—yours absolutely. Take it and make your life a power in the world. Believe me, I leave few behind to whom I wish better things than you. I couldn't stay on the Matterhorn, you see.

W. H."

For a moment Gordon Crawford was stunned with amazement. This money his? Why, it would pay the mortgage and keep his mother in comfort; it would discharge all his debts many times over; it would enable him to live as Hobart had lived, and in the end it might win for him what Hobart had won—the love of Judith Van Deusen. Was this why Hobart had questioned him about his personal affairs? Had he even then planned to go on that long, dark journey and hoped his identity would remain concealed? He had learned that some friend had unquestionably impersonated Hobart—a friend who resembled him and who had certainly sailed on Saturday. But if he had all that money to leave, why had he taken any from the safe? Then, in a flash, his brain cleared, and he sat straight in his chair, his hands clenched.

This was that money. Hobart had taken it; in some way the need to use it had passed—only Judith Van Deusen knew why—and Hobart had believed Mr. Chatfield would shield his name so Crawford would never know the gift was the price of a man's honor. Great God! What a kindness it was to him just now! Of course, he couldn't keep it, but if he could, what wonders he would work! He read the letter again. No one on earth knew he had the package. Mr. Hobart might have sent the

money abroad by his friend; he might have spent it in whole or in part. He examined the seal. No one would know if he broke that and wrapped it afresh. He could easily take out the five thousand his mother needed and end his worst worry. This money had come to him through no fault of his own. It was such a sum as he could not amass in a lifetime, perhaps. Supposing he took the five thousand and another ten thousand to cancel his debts and give him a fair start? That would never be detected when he returned the rest. Then, at a sudden thought, great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. If he returned the money, suspicion might light on him. Who would believe his story about Mr. Hobart? He couldn't show the letter, surely, for that said "over four hundred thousand dollars." The two directors on Saturday had seemed suspicious of his intimacy with the cashier. Even if he returned the letter, the handwriting looked like a forgery. Why should he return the money at all? As Hobart said, he had his life before him, and this had come, a free gift. How many rich men in New York had asked searching questions about their inherited estates? He could spend that money very wisely. He would plunge in Wall Street, and apparently make it there. Before long he would be in a position to win Judith Van Deusen, and then the world would be at his feet. He knew he could become a king of finance; Mr. Hobart had prophesied success. Looking forward, he saw himself rich, prosperous, respected, in a home with wife and children—everything an ambitious man could desire. Was he not hasty in assuming that this was the bank's money? That might have been sent abroad, and this be Hobart's own property. Of course. He had been foolish to be so exercised. Hobart was made of too good stuff to tempt to dishonesty a young man in whom he was interested. What were his own words?

"If I'm to inspire you, let it be as a warning, not as an example. Don't capitulate. If you can be fine and rare—and I know you can—don't fail to be! It's the only thing that lives."

He sprang to his feet crying:

"He himself has saved me! I saw him fine and high and noble and he is always that for me. Out of his last unhappy hours he spoke to help me. I'll try to be all I thought he was—yes, all he was—except for the mistake."

A half-hour later Gordon Crawford rang the bell of Mr. Chatfield's house on Riverside Drive, and asked to see that gentleman on private business of urgent importance. He found the man he sought looking harassed and worn. Without prelude he began:

"Mr. Chatfield, will you be so good as to tell me the amount of Mr. Hobart's indebtedness to the bank?"

"Something over four hundred thousand dollars," answered the other, eying Crawford keenly.

"I have just received a letter from him and I am glad to tell you he returns the money through me. That was the amount he mentioned. I have not opened the package." As he spoke he deposited it on the table.

Crawford watched him break the seal and spread the notes out before him. Instinctively his eyes sought the clock, and he wondered dully if a bank president retained the skill of expert manipulation.

"I could have done it quicker," he thought, when, at the expiration of fifteen minutes, Mr. Chatfield said:

"The money is all here. I am very thankful. You say he returned this to the bank?"

"Through me."

"May I see his letter?"

"I would rather not."

"Then I must show you one which came to me after banking hours." He took it from his pocket and handed it to Crawford, who read there that Hobart

had taken the money and used it for his own purposes. At the time of taking it he had believed it possible to repay the whole amount shortly, and he had felt he could rely on Mr. Chatfield's friendship. That hope was past. He regretted his act keenly, hoped the standing of the bank would not suffer, and thanked Mr. Chatfield for his many kindnesses.

"I am sorry," was all Crawford said.

"Your generous attempt to shield him was in vain."

Crawford did not answer, but passed his letter to Mr. Chatfield, who read and returned it.

"The part you have played in this sad affair reflects great credit upon you, Mr. Crawford. Is there no way in which I can serve you? Think it over and come to me in the office to-morrow. It is not a case for words of gratitude."

"I could not have done otherwise," answered Crawford. Then he told Mr. Chatfield of his struggle and of the words that had saved him.

"Do you see," he asked, "what he taught me, and how he died to prove the value of the lesson? I feel that all my life I must try to do my best because he failed of it? And, do you know, I fancy he chose this way to return the money, and vilified himself in that letter to you in case I should prove unworthy of his faith. I think he believed in me and wanted to test my strength."

The next evening Judith Van Deusen received Crawford in her private sitting room. Her hair was arranged carelessly, and in the cool cameo beauty of outline and slumbering fire of the eyes he saw again the Hoppner portrait.

He told her this, and of his visit to Hobart, concealing only his tacit renunciation of her to the older man. When he had finished, she said simply:

"I have loved him ever since he told me what the portrait was to him. I am proud of my love, but his death makes it



Photographic study by C. H. White

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"NOW I CAN FORGET—ALL BUT THE NOBLEST"

my secret. I know there is much you don't understand, and I want to explain. I was going to marry Mr. Hobart and leave with him on the *Campania* Saturday morning. To divert suspicion, he arranged for an old Chicago friend, who resembles him, to leave by the *Mesaba*. Before he reached London we should have been lost on the continent. My father is in California just now, and I suddenly made up my mind to take the step. It was the only way I ever could have married Mr. Hobart. We have always met at my friend, Mrs. Merritt's, and she was wholly in our confidence. Friday evening, just before we were to leave, his overstrong desire for secrecy after our marriage surprised, then angered me. He could never deceive me, and the awful truth came out that he had, as he said, 'borrowed' money from the bank. He said it was the only way in which he could give me what was 'the breath of my life.' Mr. Crawford, I would have worn my fingers to the bone working for him in poverty, and he didn't understand! He expected to pay the money back, and told me something about investments which would mature, but I didn't hear very clearly just then. He said nothing mattered but my love, and this was his one chance to win me. By that time I was changed to stone, and when he waited for me to speak, I said:

"You have murdered my love with your honor. Will you please go—forever?"

"He looked at me hard and read all the scorn I felt at that moment. Then he knelt at my feet, raised the hem of my skirt to his lips, rose with something in his eyes which will haunt me till I die, turned, and passed out of my life.

"He had told me he meant to write to Mr. Chatfield about the money that night, but I think something awful must have happened, for Sunday I had a note saying he had realized nothing since he left me. He begged me to relent. I

was very hard. I told the boy to tell the gentleman there was no answer. So"—she ended with a note in her voice which Crawford could hardly bear—"you see it was I who killed him. He did not kill himself."

Again it was given to Gordon Crawford to speak the right words in a memorable moment.

"Then you must feel you owe a debt to his memory."

"Oh, I do," she cried.

"I will tell you how to pay it. Think of him always with the last blotted out. Think of the flood-tide of your love, and accustom yourself to believing that was the hour of his death. Remember him at his highest, and so you will discharge the debt."

"Ah, you must be inspired to say that," she murmured. "It is what he would have me do. Read this." She drew a letter from her bosom. "There are his last words. I found them here yesterday when you brought me home. I trust you beyond any one on earth, for you loved him too."

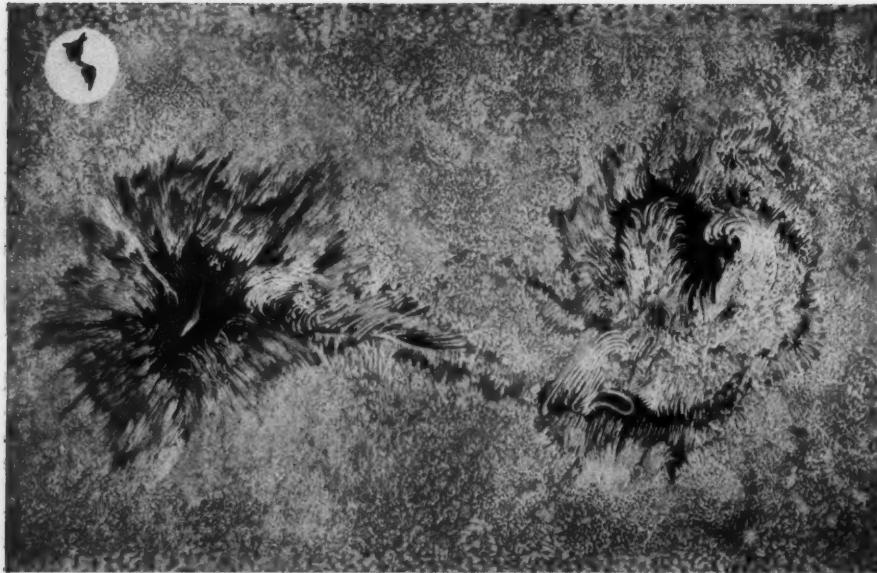
Crawford hesitated.

"Please," he said, "I'd rather not. We are very close to-night, but to-morrow you might feel sorry to have any one share those words. I had a letter, too. He must have crept out in the darkness to mail them. There was one for Mr. Chatfield, and I know you will be glad to learn that the money is returned to the bank."

"Oh!" she cried, a little catch in her voice; "I am so glad! so glad!" She covered her face with her hands for a few moments. When she raised it again peace was there.

"Now I can forget," she said, "all but the noblest. At the last he came to his high self. Thank God!"

Crawford had never known a joy comparable with that of the moment when he gave back to the woman he loved a measure of her faith in him who had failed to stand by the guns.



SUN-SPOTS, AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE LATE PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY
The disk in the upper corner shows the relative size of the Earth

THE SUN AND THE SEASONS

By RENÉ BACHE

FROM the summit of a mountain nearly three miles high government scientists are making a study of the sun, with a new end in view—namely, to find out just how it is that the orb in question influences the weather on the earth, producing cold summers or hot summers, mild winters or severe winters, as well as many other climatic variations. That it really is accountable for such changes is considered to have been proved beyond question by recent discovery. What remains to be ascertained is something more definite about the cause behind the effect.

Accordingly, there has been set up on the top of Mount Whitney, in California, an observing station, equipped with a complicated apparatus called a "bolometer" (the invention of the late

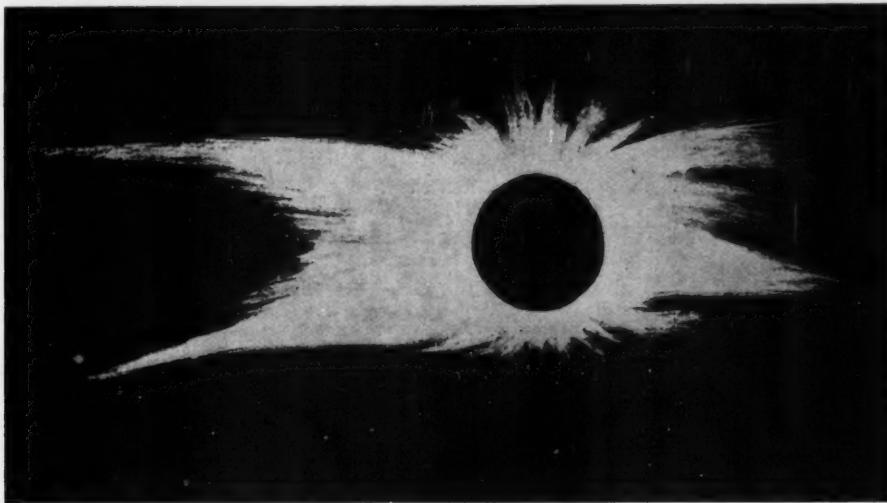
Professor S. P. Langley), by the aid of which the heat given out by the sun is measured from day to day, careful record being kept of its variations. This particular locality was selected for the purpose, not merely because it is at an elevation of over fourteen thousand feet above sea level, but for the additional reason that, the mountain being extremely steep on one side, two points within a horizontal distance of half a mile are found which differ in altitude by nearly two miles. Thus simultaneous observations may be taken down below and far aloft, to determine how much of the sun's heat is prevented from reaching the earth's surface by the blanket of the atmosphere.

Until recently it was taken for granted that the heat given out by the sun was

always the same in amount, not differing one day from another, or one year from another. But this notion was upset, not long ago, by a purely accidental discovery. Dr. C. G. Abbot, in charge of the Astro-Physical Observatory at Washington, having nothing else to do one day, took a notion to measure the energy of a solar ray, by a simple process presently to be described, and found, to his great surprise, that it was considerably less than might have been expected. Twenty-four hours later he made a like

owe our weather, to a great extent, to the solar luminary; and our government is at present engaged in a painstaking study of the subject, the expectation being that, when it has come to be more fully understood, science will be able, by observation of the sun's activity, to make forecasts of meteorological conditions for at least six months in advance.

The instrument in the observatory on Mount Whitney, by which the variations of the sun's heat are measured, might be called an electrical thermometer. It is



THE SOLAR CORONA

The tiny circle on the left is the planet Venus. The streamers are estimated to be five million miles long

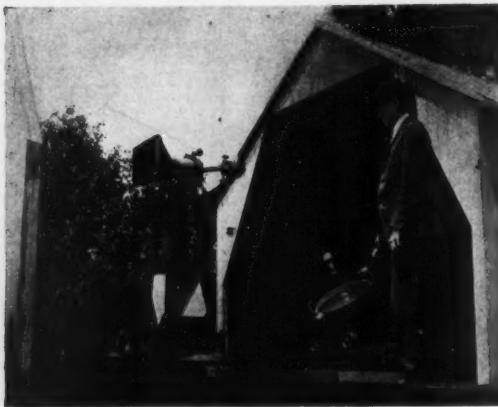
experiment, with similar result. Again, a week afterward, he tried it, and the record observed was much higher than the supposed normal.

It seemed quite puzzling at first, but it was finally ascertained, through a long series of experiments, that the amount of heat given out by the sun is constantly varying, and that at times it is not less than one-sixth greater than at other times; a difference amply sufficient to account for exceptionally cool summers or warm winters on the earth. Indeed, there can no longer be any doubt that we

an apparatus so large as to occupy a building of considerable size; yet the essential part of its mechanism, which makes the record, is a fine thread of platinum, connected electrically with a balance of marvelous delicacy. The beam of the balance is a filament of spun glass five inches long and less in diameter than a hair, in the middle of which is a concave mirror as big as a large pin-head. This mirror (which weighs two and a half milligrammes—about as much as the hind-leg of a fly) is fastened upon a square piece cut from a

dragon-fly's wing, and the whole affair is suspended from a fiber of spun quartz crystal two feet long and one five-thousandth of an inch thick.

Outside of the building is a queer-



MACHINE FOR DIRECTING SUN'S RAYS

The circular mirror is so arranged as to throw a beam of sunshine in the mouth of a tube, thirty feet long, which enters the observatory

looking machine provided with a large circular mirror, which is controlled by clockwork in such a way as to face the sun at all hours and to throw a reflected beam into the mouth of a great tube that enters the observatory. The latter is, to all intents and purposes, a photographic dark room on a large scale, and a single ray of the sunshine thus conveyed is permitted to fall upon the platinum thread, through which a current of electricity continually passes. It is well known that the electrical resistance of platinum varies with its temperature; and so, by measuring the resistance of the thread, the heat of a sun's ray thrown upon it is determined. So accurate, in fact, is the determination, that a variation of one-millionth of a degree Fahrenheit can be distinguished.

Changes in the temperature of the platinum thread cause the wonderful little balance to sway, while another ray of light, allowed to fall upon its tiny concave mirror, is reflected upon a measur-

ing scale. Thus, as the dot of reflected light runs along the scale, one may observe with the eye the variations in the amount of heat conveyed by the sun-beam, which comes through the tube from outside the building. When desired, however, the measuring scale is replaced by a slowly traveling photographic film, which makes a permanent record of the fluctuations of the solar temperature, convenient for printing, filing, and subsequent reference.

Now, one naturally asks what causes these variations? The answer is that the sun, like a variable star, is passing, in the course of its evolution, through periods of alternate convulsion and relative quiescence. Sometimes its activities are much more tumultuous than at others, and the amount of heat it emits fluctuates accordingly. But there seems to be another reason involved which has to do with changes in the thickness of that strange and little-understood envelope of the solar orb which is called the "corona."

If one inquires, What is the corona? it is possible only to reply that nobody knows, but that the opinion of astronomers now leans to the conclusion that it is a sort of cloud of meteoric matter—possibly the same sort of stuff that goes to make up comets. The corona is never visible, even with the help of the most powerful telescope, except during total eclipses, and hence opportunities of studying it are few and far between. It is the most beautiful and striking feature of a solar eclipse, its streamers sometimes extending out from the sun for a distance of something like five million miles.

From our point of view, necessarily, anything new in the way of knowledge about the sun is of utmost importance, inasmuch as everything in creation that is of consequence to us depends upon

that beneficent luminary. All plants and all animals, including ourselves, may be said to have been created by it. Deprived of the heat it supplies, the earth would quickly become a mere dead sphere, its temperature falling to that of the dark side of the moon—the absolute zero of space, four hundred and sixty-one degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit.

When it is said that the sun is a solid liquid mass eight hundred and sixty-six thousand miles in diameter, the idea of its immensity is hardly expressed in such a way as to be grasped by the human mind. One gets a better notion of it when it is explained that the solar orb is over a million times as big as the earth—though, being lighter in proportion to bulk, it weighs only about three hundred thousand times as much as the planet on which we dwell. It seems to be a body much like the earth—composed, that is to say, of the same materials—but in an incandescent state. The core of it is nearly as solid as the interior of the earth, but its density at the surface is only one-third that of water. Surrounding the whole mass is an envelope of blazing gases five thousand miles, perhaps, in thickness.

Over all parts of the surface of the gigantic sphere there is a continual uprush from below of liquids, which thereupon explode, being transformed into flaming gases. These flames, leaping to a height of thousands of miles, are plainly seen when there is an eclipse, skirting the edge of the sun. At other times, when observed through a telescope, they give to the whole solar disk a curious mottled appearance. Such mottlings, however, should not be confused with the so-called sun-spots, which appear to be great gaps in the mantle of the corona—some of them large enough to swallow a dozen planets like the earth, probably with scarce a sputter to mark the occurrence.

Much of the work done with the bo-

rometer hitherto has consisted in mapping, so to speak, the invisible part of the rainbow. Below the red band of the solar spectrum (such as a child throws upon the wall with a glass prism) is a region of colors viewless to the human eye, but which is of great importance as a part of the sunbeam, inasmuch as it contains two-thirds of all the heat rays emitted by the solar orb. It is upon these unseen rays that the farmer depends chiefly for the growing of his crops. Taking an artificial "rainbow" of this



A BATTERY OF CAMERAS
Apparatus for making photographs of the Sun

kind on such a scale as to be three feet in length, the bolometer has followed and mapped its invisible portion for a distance of forty feet beyond the red end, photographing it as described.



THROWING AN IMAGE OF THE SUN, BY THE HELP OF A MIRROR, INTO A PHOTOGRAPHIC
CAMERA ONE HUNDRED FEET LONG

In this case a prism is employed to break up the light ray into its component colors, and the spectrum thus formed is made to fall upon and march along the platinum thread, the variations in temperature produced by its invisible parts being recorded by the traveling photographic film. As is the case with the visible portions of the "rainbow," the stripes of viewless colors are crossed by many narrow heatless bands—such bands being so plainly distinguishable that, if one's physical senses were sufficiently delicate, one could perceive the changes from warm to cold by passing a finger along the metal thread while the spectrum is traversing it.

The most vivid notion of the heat conveyed by a sunbeam is obtained by experimental use of a burning glass, which, though of small size, will concentrate enough rays to set wood afame in

a very brief time. It is estimated that in each minute of a fair day in summer the solar luminary pours upon each square inch of the earth's surface enough energy to raise a cubic inch of water twenty degrees in temperature. Nevertheless, of the total heat given out by the sun, we get only about the ten-millionth of a millionth of one-millionth part. All the rest, save the trifling quantities caught by other planets of our system, is dissipated in space and apparently forever lost.

One-half of the total mass of our atmosphere being below an altitude of three miles—for it thins rapidly, of course, as one ascends—it is obvious that the observatory on Mount Whitney is situated to exceptional advantage for the purpose in view. In other words, there is just that much less of the gaseous envelope of the earth for the sun's rays to

pierce. If the observing station were at an elevation of fifty miles (supposing such a thing possible), it would be better yet; for then the solar orb could be seen as it really looks—that is to say, blue, instead of yellow. Said Professor Langley not long ago: "If we could rise above the atmosphere to gaze upon it, the sun would have a decidedly blue tint to the naked eye."

It is the atmosphere that makes the sky look blue and the moon yellow. If we could ascend to an elevation of fifty miles above the earth's surface, we should see that the moon was a brilliant white, while the sky would be black, with the stars shining as brightly in the daytime as at night. Furthermore, as a most picturesque feature of the spec-

tacle, we should take notice that some of the stars are red, others blue, yet others violet, and still others green in color. Of course, all of the stars (if we bar the planets of our own system) are burning suns, and the hues they wear depend upon their temperature. The hottest stars are blue. Thus Vega, in the constellation Lyra, is a blue sun, hundreds of times as large as our own solar orb. We are journeying in its direction at the rate of millions of miles a day, and at some future time it may gobble us all up. For, after all, humiliating though the confession be, our sun is only a very small star—of the sixth magnitude, or thereabout—and of an importance in the universe so slight as to be scarcely within the pale of respectability.



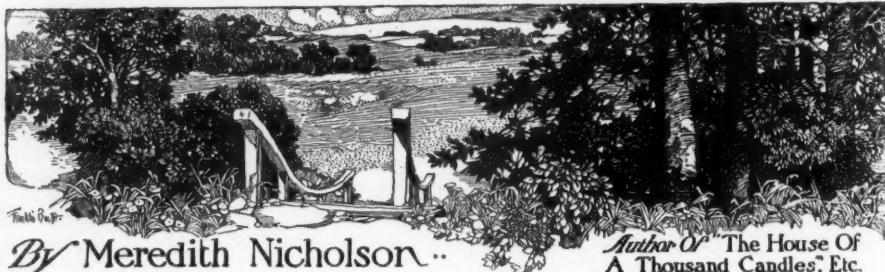
THE SAINTS THAT HAVE NO DAY

By KATHARINE PERRY

With golden letters set in brave array
 Throughout the Church's record of the year,
 The great names of historic Saints appear,
 Those ringing names that, as a trumpet, play
 Uplifting music o'er a sordid way,
 And sound high courage to our earth-dulled ear:
 But, underneath those strains, I seem to hear
 The silence of the Saints that have no day.

Martyrs blood-red, and trodden souls, care-gray,
 In hierachal pride no place they boast;
 No candles burn for them where pilgrims pray,
 No haloes crown their dim and countless host;
 And yet—the leaven of their humble sway,
 Unrecognized, unguessed, avails the most.

THE PORT of MISSING MEN



By **Meredith Nicholson**

Author Of "The House Of A Thousand Candles," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ATTACK IN THE ROAD

*Cowards and laggards fall back; but
alert to the saddle,
Straight, grim and abreast, vault our
weather-worn galloping legion,
With a stirrup-cup each to the one graci-
ous woman that loves him.*

—LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

“**T**HREE’S an abandoned lumber camp down here, if I’m not mistaken, and if we’ve made the right turns we ought to be south of Lamar and near the railroad.”

Armitage passed his rein to Claiborne and plunged down the steep road to recnoiter.

“It’s a strange business,” Claiborne muttered half-aloud.

The cool air of the ridge sobered him, but he reviewed the events of the night without regret. Every young officer in the service would envy him this adventure. At military posts scattered across the continent men whom he knew well were either abroad on duty, or slept the sleep of peace. He lifted his eyes to the paling stars. Before long bugle and morning gun would announce the new day at points all along the seaboard. His West Point comrades were scattered far, and the fancy seized him that the

bugle brought them together every day of their lives as it sounded the morning calls that would soon begin echoing down the coast from Kennebec Arsenal and Fort Preble in Maine, through Myer and Monroe, to McPherson, in Georgia, and back through Niagara and Wayne to Sheridan, and on to Ringgold and Robinson and Crook, zigzagging back and forth over mountain and plain to the Pacific, and thence ringing on to Alaska, and echoing again from Hawaii to lonely outposts in Asian seas.

He was so intent with the thought that he hummed reveille, and was about to rebuke himself for unsoldierly behavior on duty when Armitage whistled for him to advance.

“It’s all right; they haven’t passed yet. I met a railroad track-walker down there and he said he had seen no one between here and Lamar. Now they’re handicapped by the big country horse they had to take for that Servian devil, and we can push them as hard as we like. We must get them beyond Lamar before we crowd them; and don’t forget that we want to drive them into my land for the roundup. I’m afraid we’re going to have a wet morning.”

They rode abreast beside the railroad

through the narrow gap. A long freight train rumbled and rattled by, and a little later they passed a coal shaft, where a begrimed night shift loaded cars under flaring torches.

"Their message to Winkelried is still on this side of the Atlantic," said Armitage; "but Winkelried is in a strong room by this time, if the existing powers at Vienna are what they ought to be. I've done my best to get him there. The message would only help the case against him if they sent it."

Claiborne groaned mockingly.

"I suppose I'll know what it's all about when I read it in the morning papers. I like the adventure well enough, but it might be more amusing to know what the devil I'm fighting for."

"You enlisted without reading the articles of war, and you've got to take the consequences. You've done what you set out to do—you've found me; and you're traveling with me over the Virginia mountain to report my capture to Baron von Marhof. On the way you are going to assist in another affair that will be equally to your credit; and then if all goes well with us I'm going to give myself the pleasure of allowing Monsieur Chauvenet to tell you exactly who I am. The incident appeals to my sense of humor—I assure you I have one! Of course, if I were not a person of very great distinction Chauvenet and his friend Durand would not have crossed the ocean and brought with them a professional assassin, skilled in the arts of smothering and knifing, to do away with me. You are in luck to be alive. We are dangerously near the same size and build—and in the dark—on horseback—"

"That was funny. I knew that if I ran for it they'd plug me for sure, and that if I waited until they saw their mistake they would be afraid to kill me. Ugh! I still taste the red soil of the Old Dominion."

"Come, Captain! Let us give the

horses a chance to prove their blood. These roads will be paste in a few hours."

The dawn was breaking sullenly, and out of a gray, low-hanging mist a light rain fell in the soft, monotonous fashion of mountain rain. Much of the time it was necessary to maintain single file; and Armitage rode ahead. The fog grew thicker as they advanced; but they did not lessen their pace, which had now dropped to a steady trot.

Suddenly, as they swept on beyond Lamar, they heard the beat of hoofs and halted.

"Bully for us! We've cut in ahead of them! Can you count them, Claiborne?"

"There are three horses all right enough, and they're forcing the beasts. What's the word?"

"Drive them back! Ready—here we go!" roared Armitage in a voice intended to be heard.

They yelled at the top of their voices as they charged, plunging into the advancing trio after a forty-yard gallop.

"Not later than Friday"—back you go!" shouted Armitage, and laughed aloud at the enemy's rout. One of the horses—it seemed from its rider's yells to be Chauvenet's—turned and bolted, and the others followed back the way they had come.

Soon they dropped their pace to a trot, but the trio continued to fly before them.

"They're rattled," said Claiborne, "and the fog isn't helping them any."

"We're getting close to my place," said Armitage; and as he spoke two shots fired in rapid succession cracked faintly through the fog and they jerked up their horses.

"It's Oscar! He's a good way ahead, if I judge the shots right."

"If he turns them back we ought to hear their horses in a moment," observed Claiborne. "The fog muffles sounds. The road's pretty level in here."

"We must get them out of it and into

my territory for safety. We're within a mile of the gate and we ought to be able to crowd them into that long open strip where the fences are down. Damn the fog!"

The agreed signal of two shots reached them again, but clearer, like drum-taps, and was immediately answered by scattering shots. A moment later, as the two riders moved forward at a walk, a sharp volley rang out quite clearly and they heard shouts and the crack of revolvers again.

"By George! They're coming—here we go!"

They put their horses to the gallop and rode swiftly through the fog. The beat of hoofs was now perfectly audible ahead of them, and they heard, quite distinctly, a single revolver snap twice.

"Oscar has them on the run—bully for Oscar! They're getting close—thank the Lord for this level stretch—now howl and let 'er go!"

They went forward with a yell that broke weirdly and chokingly on the gray cloak of fog, their horses' hoofs pounding dully on the earthen road. The rain had almost ceased, but enough had fallen to soften the road.

"They're terribly brave or horribly scared, from their speed," shouted Claiborne. "Now for it!"

They rose in their stirrups and charged, yelling lustily, riding neck and neck toward the unseen foe, and with their horses at their highest pace they broke upon the mounted trio that now rode upon them grayly out of the mist.

There was a mad snorting and shrinking of horses. One of the animals turned and tried to bolt, and his rider, struggling to control him, added to the confusion. The fog shut them in with each other; and Armitage and Claiborne, having flung back their own horses at the onset, had an instant's glimpse of Chauvenet trying to swing his horse into the road; of Zmai half-turning, as his horse reared, to listen for the foe be-

hind; and of Durand's impassive white face as he steadied his horse with his left hand and leveled a revolver at Armitage with his right.

With a cry Claiborne put spurs to his horse and drove him forward upon Durand. His hand knocked the leveled revolver flying into the fog. Then Zmai fired twice, and Chauvenet's frightened horse, panic-struck at the shots, reared, swung round and dashed back the way he had come, and Durand and Zmai followed.

The three disappeared into the mist, and Armitage and Claiborne shook themselves together and quieted their horses.

"That was too close for fun—are you all there?" asked Armitage.

"Still in it; but that fellow won't always miss. He gets too near the target."

"Oh, he's a knife and sack man and clumsy with the gun."

They moved slowly forward now and Armitage sent his horse across the rough ditch at the roadside to get his bearings. The fog seemed at the point of breaking, and the mass about them shifted and drifted in the growing light.

"This is my land, sure enough. Lord, man, I wish you'd get out of this and go home. You see they're an ugly lot and don't use toy pistols."

"Remember the potato sack! That's my watchword," laughed Claiborne.

They rode with their eyes straight ahead, peering through the breaking, floating mist. It was now so clear and light that they could see the wood at either hand, though fifty yards ahead in every direction the fog still lay like a barricade.

"I should value a change of raiment," observed Armitage. "There was an advantage in armor: your duds might get rusty on a damp excursion, but your shirt wouldn't stick to your hide."

"Who cares? Those devils are pretty quiet, and the little sergeant is about due to bump into them again."

They had come to a gradual turn in the road at a point where a steep, wooded incline swept up on the left. On the right lay the old hunting preserve, and Armitage's bungalow. As they drew into the curve they heard a revolver crack twice, as before, followed by answering shots and cries and the thump of hoofs.

"Ohee! Oscar has struck them again. Steady now! Watch your horse!" And Armitage raised his arm and fired twice as a warning to Oscar.

The distance between the contending parties was shorter now than at the first meeting, and Armitage and Claiborne bent forward in their saddles, talking softly to their horses, that had danced wildly at Armitage's shots.

"Lord! if we can crowd them in here now and back to the Port!"

"There!"

Exclamations died on their lips at the instant. Ahead of them lay the fog, rising and breaking in soft folds, and behind it men yelled and several shots snapped spitefully on the heavy air. Then a curious picture disclosed itself just at the edge of the vapor, as though it were a curtain through which actors in a drama emerge upon a stage. Zmai and Chauvenet flashed into view suddenly, and close behind them, Oscar, yelling like mad. He drove his horse between the two men, threw himself flat as Zmai fired at him, and turned and waved his hat and laughed at them; then, just before his horse reached Claiborne and Armitage, he checked its speed abruptly, flung it about and then charged back, still yelling, upon the amazed foe.

"He's crazy—he's gone clean out of his head!" muttered Claiborne, restraining his horse with difficulty.

"He's having fun with them. He's just rattling them to warm himself up—the little beggar. I didn't know it was in him."

Back went Oscar toward the two

horsemen he had passed less than a minute before, still yelling, and this time he discharged his revolver with seeming unconcern for the value of ammunition, and as he again dashed between them, and back through the gray curtain, Armitage gave the word, and he and Claiborne swept on at a gallop.

Durand was out of sight, and Chauvenet turned and looked behind him uneasily; then he spoke sharply to Zmai. Oscar's wild ride back and forth had demoralized the horses, which were snorting and plunging wildly. As Armitage and Claiborne advanced Chauvenet spoke again to Zmai and drew his own revolver.

"Oh, for a saber now!" growled Claiborne.

But it was not a moment for speculation or regret. Both sides were perfectly silent as Claiborne, leading slightly, with Armitage pressing close at his left, galloped toward the two men who faced them at the gray wall of mist. They bore to the left with a view of crowding the two horsemen off the road and into the preserve, and as they neared them they heard cries through the mist and rapid hoof-beats, and Durand's horse leaped the ditch at the roadside just before it reached Chauvenet and Zmai and ran away through the rough underbrush into the wood, Oscar close behind and silent now, grimly intent on his business.

The revolvers of Zmai and Chauvenet cracked together, and they, too, turned their horses into the wood, and away they all went, leaving the road clear.

"My horse got it that time!" shouted Claiborne.

"So did I," replied Armitage; "but never you mind, old man, we've got them cornered now."

Claiborne glanced at Armitage and saw his right hand, still holding his revolver, go to his shoulder.

"Much damage?"

"It struck a hard place, but I am still fit."

The blood streamed from the neck of Claiborne's horse, which threw up its head and snorted in pain, but kept bravely on at the trot in which Armitage had set the pace.

"Poor devil! We'll have a reckoning pretty soon," cried Armitage cheerily. "No kingdom is worth a good horse!"

They advanced at a trot toward the Port.

"You'll be afoot any minute now, but we're in good shape and on our own soil, with those carrion between us and a gap they won't care to drop into! I'm off for the gate—you wait here, and if Oscar fires the signal, give the answer."

Armitage galloped off to the right and Claiborne jumped from his horse just as the wounded animal trembled for a moment, sank to its knees and rolled over dead.

CHAPTER XXV

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

*Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wild waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cash your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Doneil Dhu
Knell for the onset.*

—SIR W. SCOTT.

Claiborne climbed upon a rock to get his bearings, and as he gazed off through the wood a bullet sang close to his head and he saw a man slipping away through the underbrush a hundred yards ahead of him. He threw up his rifle and fired after the retreating figure, jerked the lever spitefully and waited. In a few minutes Oscar rode alertly out of the wood at his left.

"It was better for us a dead horse than a dead man—yes?" was the little sergeant's comment. "We shall come back for the saddle and bridle."

"Humph! Where do you think those men are?"

"Behind some rocks near the edge of the gap. It is a poor position."

"I'm not sure of that. They'll escape across the old bridge."

"*Nein.* A sparrow would shake it down. Three men at once—they would not need our bullets!"

Far away to the right two reports in quick succession gave news of Armitage.

"It's the signal that he's got between them and the gate. Swing around to the left and I will go straight to the big clearing, and meet you."

"You will have my horse—yes?" Oscar began to dismount.

"No; I do well enough this way. Forward!—the word is to keep them between us and the gap until we can sit on them."

The mist was fast disappearing and swirling away under a sharp wind, and the sunlight broke warmly upon the drenched world. Claiborne started through the wet undergrowth at a dog trot. Armitage, he judged, was about half a mile away, and to make their line complete Oscar should traverse an equal distance. The soldier blood in Claiborne warmed at the prospect of a definite contest. He grinned as it occurred to him that he had won the distinction of having a horse shot under him in an open-road fight, almost within sight of the dome of the capitol.

The brush grew thinner and the trees fewer, and he dropped down and crawled presently to the shelter of a boulder, from which he could look out upon the open and fairly level field known as the Port of Missing Men. There as a boy he had dreamed of battles as he pondered the legend of the lost legion. At the far edge of the field was a fringe of stunted cedars, like an abatis, partly concealing the old barricade where, in the golden days of their youth, he had played with Shirley at storming the fort; and Shirley, in these fierce as-

saults, had usually tumbled over upon the imaginary enemy ahead of him!

As he looked about he saw Armitage, his horse at a walk, ride slowly out of the wood to his right. Claiborne jumped up and waved his hat and a rifle-ball flicked his coat collar as lightly as though an unseen hand had tried to brush a bit of dust from it. As he turned toward the marksman behind the cedars three shots, fired in a volley, hummed about him. Then it was very still, with the Sabbath stillness of early morning in the hills, and he heard faintly the mechanical click and snap of the rifles of Chauvenet's party as they expelled their exploded cartridges and refilled their magazines.

"They're really not so bad—bad luck to them!" he muttered. "I'll be ripe for the little brown men after I get through with this," and Claiborne laughed a little and watched Armitage's slow advance out into the open.

The trio behind the barricade had not yet seen the man they had crossed the sea to kill, as the line of his approach closely paralleled the long irregular wall with its fringe of cedars; but they knew from Claiborne's signal that he was there. The men had picketed their horses back of the little fort, and Claiborne commended their good generalship and wondered what sort of beings they were to risk so much upon so wild an adventure.

Armitage rode out farther into the opening, and Claiborne, with his eyes on the barricade, saw a man lean forward through the cedars in an effort to take aim at the horseman. Claiborne drew up his own rifle and blazed away. Bits of stone spurted into the air below the target's elbow, and the man dropped back out of sight without firing.

"I've never been the same since that fever," growled Claiborne, and snapped out the shell spitefully, and watched for another chance.

Being directly in front of the barri-

cade, he was in a position to cover Armitage's advance, and Oscar, meanwhile, had taken his cue from Armitage and ridden slowly into the field from the left. The men behind the cedars fired now from within the enclosure at both men without exposing themselves; but their shots flew wild, and the two horsemen rode up to Claiborne, who had emptied his rifle into the cedars and was reloading.

"They are all together again, are they?" asked Armitage, pausing a few yards from Claiborne's rock, his eyes upon the barricade.

"The gentleman with the curly hair—I drove him in. He is a damned poor shot—yes?"

Oscar tightened his belt and waited for orders, while Armitage and Claiborne conferred in quick pointed sentences.

"Shall we risk a rush or starve them out? I'd like to try hunger on them," said Armitage.

"They'll all sneak off over the bridge to-night if we pen them up. If they all go at once they'll break it down, and we'll lose our quarry. But you want to capture them—alive?"

"I certainly do!" Armitage replied, and turned to laugh at Oscar, who had fired at the barricade from the back of his horse, which was resenting the indignity by trying to throw his rider.

The enemy now concentrated a sharp fire upon Armitage, whose horse snorted and pawed the ground as the balls cut the air and earth.

"For God's sake, get off that horse, Armitage," bawled Claiborne, rising upon the rock. "There's no use in wasting yourself that way."

"My arm aches and I've got to do something. Let's try storming them just for fun. It's a cavalry stunt, Claiborne, and you can play being the artillery that's supporting our advance. Fall away there, Oscar, about forty yards, and we'll race for it to the wall and over.

That barricade isn't as stiff as it looks from this side—I know all about it. There are great chunks out of it that can't be seen from this side."

"Thank me for that, Armitage. I tumbled down a good many yards of it when I played up here as a kid. Get off that horse, I tell you! You've got a hole in you now! Get down!"

"You make me tired, Claiborne. This beautiful row will all be over in a few minutes. I never intended to waste much time on those fellows when I got them where I wanted them."

His left arm hung quite limp at his side and his face was very white. He had dropped his rifle in the road at the moment the ball struck his shoulder, but he still carried his revolver. He nodded to Oscar, and they both galloped forward over the open ground, making straight for the cedar covert.

Claiborne was instantly up and away between the two riders. Their bold advance evidently surprised the trio beyond the barricade, who shouted hurried commands to each other as they distributed themselves along the wall and waited the onslaught. Then they grew still and lay low out of sight as the silent riders approached. The hoofs of the on-rushing horses rang now and then on the harsh outcropping rock, and here and there struck fire. Armitage sat erect and steady in his saddle, his horse speeding on in great bounds toward the barricade. His lips moved in a curious stiff fashion, as though he were ill, muttering:

"For Austria! For Austria! He bade me do something for the empire!"

Beyond the cedars the trio held their fire, watching with fascinated eyes the two riders, every instant drawing closer, and the runner who followed them.

"They can't jump this—they'll veer off before they get here," shouted Chauvenet to his comrades. "Wait till they check their horses for the turn."

"We are fools. They have got us

trapped;" and Durand's hands shook as he restlessly fingered a revolver. The big Servian crouched on his knees near by, his finger on the trigger of his rifle. All three were hatless and unkempt. The wound in Zmai's scalp had broken out afresh, and he had twisted a colored handkerchief about it to stay the bleeding. A hundred yards away the waterfall splashed down the defile and its faint murmur reached them. A wild dove rose ahead of Armitage and flew straight before him over the barricade. The silence grew tense as the horses galloped nearer; the men behind the cedar-lined wall heard only the hollow thump of hoofs and Claiborne's voice calling to Armitage and Oscar, to warn them of his whereabouts.

But the eyes of the three conspirators were fixed on Armitage; it was his life they sought; the others did not greatly matter. And so John Armitage rode across the little plain where the Lost Legion had camped for a year at the end of a great war; and as he rode on the defenders of the boulder barricade saw his white face and noted the useless arm hanging and swaying, and felt, in spite of themselves, the strength of his tall erect figure.

Chauvenet, watching the silent rider, said aloud, speaking in German, so that Zmai understood:

"It is in the blood; he is like a king."

But they could not hear the words that John Armitage kept saying over and over again as he crossed the field:

"He bade me do something for Austria—for Austria!"

"He is brave, but he is a great fool. When he turns his horse we will fire on him," said Zmai.

Their eyes were upon Armitage; and in their intentness they failed to note the increasing pace of Oscar's horse, which was spouting slowly ahead. When they saw that he would first make the sweep which they assumed to be the contemplated strategy of the charging

party, they leveled their arms at him, believing that he must soon check his horse. But on he rode, bending forward a little, his rifle held across the saddle in front of him.

"Take him first," cried Chauvenet. "Then be ready for Armitage!"

Oscar was now turning his horse, but toward them and across Armitage's path, with the deliberate purpose of taking the first fire. Before him rose the cedars that concealed the line of wall; and he saw the blue barrels of the waiting rifles. With a great spurt of speed he cut in ahead of Armitage swiftly and neatly; then on, without a break or pause—not heeding Armitage's cries—on and still on, till twenty, then ten feet lay between him and the wall, at a place where the cedar barrier was thinnest. Then, as his horse crouched and rose, three rifles cracked as one. With a great crash the horse struck the wall and tumbled, rearing and plunging, through the tough cedar boughs. An instant later, near the same spot, Armitage, with better luck clearing the wall, was borne on through the confused line. When he flung himself down and ran back Claiborne had not yet appeared.

Oscar had crashed through at a point held by Durand, who was struck down by the horse's forefeet. He lay howling with pain, with the hind quarters of the prostrate beast across his legs. Armitage, running back toward the wall, kicked the revolver from his hand and left him. Zmai had started to run as Oscar gained the wall and Chauvenet's curses did not halt the Servian when he found Oscar at his heels.

Chauvenet stood impassively by the wall, his revolver raised and covering Armitage, who walked slowly and doggedly toward him. The pallor in Armitage's face gave him an unearthly look; he appeared to be trying to force himself to a pace of which his wavering limbs were incapable. At the moment that Claiborne sprang upon the wall behind

Chauvenet Armitage swerved and stumbled, then swayed from side to side like a drunken man. His left arm swung limp at his side, and his revolver remained undrawn in his belt. His gray felt hat was twitched to one side of his head, adding a grotesque touch to the impression of drunkenness, and he was talking aloud:

"Shoot me, Mr. Chauvenet. Go on and shoot me! I am John Armitage, and I live in Montana, where real people are. Go on and shoot! Winkelried's in jail and the jig's up and the empire and the silly king are safe. Go on and shoot, I tell you!"

He had stumbled on until he was within a dozen steps of Chauvenet, who lifted his revolver until it covered Armitage's head.

"Drop that gun—drop it damned quick!" and Dick Claiborne swung the butt of his rifle high and brought it down with a crash on Chauvenet's head; then Armitage paused and glanced about and laughed.

It was Claiborne who freed Durand from the dead horse, which had received the shots fired at Oscar the moment he rose at the wall. The fight was quite knocked out of the conspirator, and he swore under his breath, cursing the unconscious Chauvenet and the missing Zmai and the ill fortune of the fight.

"It's all over but the shouting—what's next?" demanded Claiborne.

"Tie him up—and tie the other one up," said Armitage, staring about queerly. "Where the devil is Oscar?"

"He's after the big fellow. You're badly fussed, old man. We've got to get out of this and fix you up."

"I'm all right. I've got a hole in my shoulder that feels as big and hot as a blast furnace. But we've got them nailed, and it's all right, old man!"

Durand continued to curse things visible and invisible as he rubbed his leg, while Claiborne watched him impatiently.

"If you start to run I'll certainly kill you, Monsieur."

"We have met, my dear sir, under unfortunate circumstances. You should not take it too much to heart about the potato sack. It was the fault of my dear colleagues. Ah, Armitage, you look rather ill, but I trust you will harbor no harsh feelings."

Armitage did not look at him; his eyes were upon the prostrate figure of Chauvenet, who seemed to be regaining his wits. He moaned and opened his eyes.

"Search him, Claiborne, to make sure. Then get him on his pins and pinion his arms, and tie the gentlemen together. The bridle on that dead horse is quite the thing."

"But, messieurs," began Durand, who was striving to recover his composure—"this is unnecessary. My friend and I are quite willing to give you every assurance of our peaceable intentions."

"I don't question it," laughed Claiborne.

"But, my dear sir, in America, even in delightful America, the law will protect the citizens of another country."

"It will, indeed," and Claiborne grinned, put his revolver into Armitage's hand, and proceeded to cut the reins from the dead horse. "In America such amiable scoundrels as you are given the freedom of cities, and little children scatter flowers in their path. You ought to write for the funny papers, Monsieur."

"I trust your wounds are not serious, my dear Armitage—"

Armitage, sitting on a boulder, turned his eyes wearily upon Durand, whose wrists Claiborne was knotting together with a strap. The officer spun the man around with:

"You beast, if you address Mr. Armitage again I'll choke you!"

Chauvenet, sitting up and staring dully about, was greeted ironically by Durand:

"Prisoners, my dearest Jules; prisoners, do you understand? Will you please arrange with dear Armitage to let us go home and be good?"

Claiborne emptied the contents of Durand's pockets upon the ground and tossed a flask to Armitage.

"We will discuss matters at the bungalow. They always go to the nearest farmhouse to sign the treaty of peace. Let us do everything according to the best traditions."

A moment later Oscar ran in from the direction of the gap, to find the work done and the party ready to leave.

"Where is the Servian?" demanded Armitage.

The soldier saluted, glanced from Chauvenet to Durand, then from Claiborne to Armitage.

"He will not come back," said the sergeant quietly.

"That is bad," remarked Armitage. "Take my horse and ride down to Storm Springs and tell Baron von Marhof and Judge Claiborne that Captain Claiborne has found John Armitage, and that he presents his compliments and wishes them to come to Mr. Armitage's house at once. Tell them that Captain Claiborne sent you and that he wants them to come back with you immediately."

"But Armitage—not Marhof—for God's sake, not Marhof." Chauvenet staggered to his feet and his voice choked as he muttered his appeal. "Not Marhof!"

"We can fix this among ourselves—just wait a little, till we can talk over our affairs. You have quite the wrong impression of us, I assure you messieurs," protested Durand.

"That is your misfortune! Thanks for the brandy, Monsieur Durand. I feel quite restored," said Armitage, rising; and the color swept into his face and he spoke with quick decision.

"Oh, Claiborne, will you kindly give me the time?"

Claiborne laughed. It was a laugh of

real relief at the change in Armitage's tone.

"It's a quarter of seven. This little scrap didn't take as much time as you thought it would."

Oscar had mounted Armitage's horse and Claiborne stopped him as he rode past on his way to the road.

"After you deliver Mr. Armitage's message, get a doctor and tell him to be in a hurry about getting here."

"No!" began Armitage. "Good Lord, no! We are not going to advertise this mess. You will spoil it all. I don't propose to be arrested and put in jail, and a doctor would blab it all. I tell you no!"

"Oscar, go to the hotel at the Springs and ask for Doctor Bledsoe. He's an army surgeon on leave. Tell him I want him to bring his tools and come to me at the bungalow. Now go!"

The conspirators' horses were brought up and Claiborne put Armitage upon the best of them.

"Don't treat me as though I were a sick priest! I tell you, I feel bully! If the prisoners will kindly walk ahead of us, we'll graciously ride behind. Or we might put them both on one horse! Forward!"

Chauvenet and Durand, as they marched ahead of their captors, divided the time between execrating each other and trying to make terms with Armitage. The thought of being haled before Baron von Marhof gave them great concern.

"Wait a few hours, Armitage—let us sit down and talk it all over. We're not as black as your imagination paints us!"

"Save your breath! You've had your fun so far, and now I'm going to have mine. You fellows are all right to sit in dark rooms and plot murder and treason; but you're not made for work in the open. Forward."

They were a worn company that drew up at the empty bungalow, where the lamp and candles flickered eerily. On

the table still lay the sword, the cloak, the silver box, the insignia of noble orders.

CHAPTER XXVI

"WHO ARE YOU, JOHN ARMITAGE?"

"Morbleu, Monsieur, you give me too much majesty," said the Prince.—The History of Henry Esmond.

"These gentlemen doubtless wish to confer—let them sequester themselves!" and Armitage waved his hand to the line of empty sleeping-rooms. "I believe Monsieur Durand already knows the way about—he may wish to explore my trunks again," and Armitage bowed to the two men, who, with their wrists tied behind them and a strap linking them together, looked the least bit absurd.

"Now, Claiborne, that foolish Oscar has a first-aid kit of some sort that he used on me a couple of weeks ago. Dig it out of his simple cell back there and we'll clear up this mess in my shoulder. Twice on the same side,—but I believe they actually cracked a bone this time."

He lay down on a long bench and Claiborne cut off his coat.

"I'd like to hold a little private execution for this," growled the officer. "A little lower and it would have caught you in the heart."

"Don't be spiteful! I'm as sound as wheat. We have them down and the victory is ours. The great fun is to come when the good Baron von Marhof gets here. If I were dying I believe I could hold on for that."

"You're not going to die, thank God! Just a minute more until I pack this shoulder with cotton. I can't do anything for that smashed bone, but Bledsoe is the best surgeon in the army, and he'll fix you up in a jiffy."

"That will do now. I must have on a coat when our honored guests arrive, even if we omit one sleeve—yes, I guess

we'll have to, though it does seem a bit affected. Dig out the brandy bottle from the cupboard there in the corner, and then kindly brush my hair and straighten up the chairs a bit. You might even toss a stick on the fire. That potato sack you may care to keep as a souvenir."

"Be quiet, now! Remember, you are my prisoner, Mr. Armitage."

"I am, I am! But I will wager ten courses at Sherry's the baron will be glad to let me off."

He laughed softly and began repeating:

"'Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.'"

Claiborne forced him to lie down on the bench, and threw a blanket over him, and in a moment saw that he slept. In an inner room the voices of the prisoners occasionally rose shrilly as they debated their situation and prospects. Claiborne chewed a cigar and watched and waited. Armitage wakened suddenly, sat up and called across the room to Claiborne with a laugh:

"I had a perfectly bully dream, old man. I dreamed that I saw the ensign of Austria-Hungary flying from the flag-staff of this shanty; and by Jove, I'll take the hint! We owe it to the distinguished ambassador who now approaches to fly his colors over the front door. We ought to have a trumpeter to herald his approach—but the white and red ensign with the golden crown—it's in the leather-covered trunk in my room—the one with the most steamer labels on it—go bring it, Claiborne, and we'll throw it to the free airs of Virginia.

And be quick—they ought to be here by this time!"

He stood in the door and watched Claiborne haul up the flag, and he made a mockery of saluting it as it snapped out in the fresh morning air.

"The Port of Missing Men! It was designed to be extra-territorial, and there's no treason in hauling up an alien flag," and his high spirits returned, and he stalked back to the fireplace, chaffing Claiborne and warning him against ever again fighting under an unknown banner.

"Here they are," called Claiborne, and flung open the door as Shirley, her father and Baron von Marhof rode up under the billowing ensign. Dick stepped out to meet them and answer their questions.

"Mr. Armitage is here. He has been hurt and we have sent for a doctor; but—" and he looked at Shirley.

"If you will do me the honor to enter—all of you!" and Armitage came out quickly and smiled upon them.

"We had started off to look for Dick when we met your man," said Shirley, standing on the steps, rein in hand.

"What has happened, and how was Armitage injured?" demanded Judge Claiborne.

"There was a battle," replied Dick, grinning, "and Mr. Armitage got in the way of a bullet."

Her ride through the keen morning air had flooded Shirley's cheeks with color. She wore a dark blue skirt and a mackintosh with the collar turned up about her neck, and a red scarf at her throat matched the band of her soft felt hat. She drew off her gauntlets and felt in her pocket for a handkerchief with which to brush some splashes of mud that had dried on her cheek, and the action was so feminine, and marked so abrupt a transition from the strange business of the night and morning, that Armitage and Dick laughed and Judge Claiborne turned upon them frowningly.

Shirley had been awake much of the night. On returning from the ball at the inn she found Dick still absent, and when at five o'clock he had not returned she called her father and they had set off together for the hills, toward which, the stablemen reported, Dick had ridden. They had met Oscar just outside the Springs, and had returned to the hotel for Baron von Marhof. Having performed her office as guide and satisfied herself that Dick was safe, she felt her conscience eased, and could see no reason why she should not ride home and leave the men to their council. Armitage saw her turn to her horse, whose nose was exploring her mackintosh pockets, and he stepped quickly toward her.

"You see, Miss Claiborne, your brother is quite safe, but I very much hope you will not run away. There are some things to be explained which it is only fair you should hear."

"Wait, Shirley, and we will all go down together," said Judge Claiborne reluctantly.

Baron von Marhof, very handsome and distinguished, but mud-splashed, had tied his horse to a post in the driveway, and stood on the veranda steps, his hat in his hand, staring, a look of bewilderment on his face. Armitage, bare-headed, still in his riding leggings, his trousers splashed with mud, his left arm sleeveless and supported by a handkerchief swung from his neck, shook hands with Judge Claiborne.

"Baron von Marhof, allow me to present Mr. Armitage," said Dick, and Armitage walked to the steps and bowed. The ambassador did not offer his hand.

"Won't you please come in?" said Armitage, smiling upon them, and when they were seated he took his stand by the fireplace, hesitated a moment, as though weighing his words, and began:

"Baron von Marhof, the events that have led to this meeting have been somewhat more than unusual—they are

unique. And complications have arisen which require prompt and wise action. For this reason I am glad that we shall have the benefit of Judge Claiborne's advice."

"Judge Claiborne is the counsel of our embassy," said the ambassador. His gaze was fixed intently on Armitage's face, and he hitched himself forward in his chair impatiently, grasping his crop nervously across his knees.

"You were anxious to find me, Baron, and I may have seemed hard to catch, but I believe we have been working at cross-purposes to serve the same interests."

The baron nodded.

"Yes, I dare say," he remarked dryly.

"And some other gentlemen, of not quite your own standing, have at the same time been seeking me. It will give me great pleasure to present one of them—one, I believe, will be enough. Mr. Claiborne, will you kindly allow Monsieur Jules Chauvenet to stand in the door for a moment? I want to ask him a question."

Shirley, sitting farthest from Armitage, folded her hands upon the long table and looked toward the door into which her brother vanished. Then Jules Chauvenet stood before them all, and as his eyes met hers for a second the color rose to his face, and he broke out angrily:

"This is infamous! This is an outrage! Baron von Marhof, as an Austrian subject, I appeal to you for protection from this man!"

"Monsieur, you shall have all the protection Baron von Marhof cares to give you; but first I wish to ask you a question—just one. You followed me to America with the fixed purpose of killing me. You sent a Servian assassin after me—a fellow with a reputation for doing dirty work—and he tried to stick a knife into me on the deck of the *King Edward*. I shall not recite my subsequent experiences with him or with you

and Monsieur Durand. You announced at Captain Claiborne's table at the Army and Navy Club in Washington that I was an impostor, and all the time, Monsieur, you have really believed me to be some one—some one in particular."

Armitage's eyes glittered and his voice faltered with intensity as he uttered these last words. Then he thrust his hand into his coat pocket, stepped back, and concluded:

"Who am I, Monsieur?"

Chauvenet shifted uneasily from one foot to another under the gaze of the five people who waited for his answer; then he screamed shrilly:

"You are the devil—an impostor, a liar, a thief!"

Baron von Marhof leaped to his feet and roared at Chauvenet in English:

"Who is this man? Whom do you believe him to be?"

"Answer and be quick about it!" supplemented Captain Claiborne.

"I tell you—" began Chauvenet fiercely.

"Who am I?" asked Armitage again.

"I don't know who you are—"

"You do not! You certainly do not!" laughed Armitage; "but who have you believed me to be, Monsieur?"

"I thought—"

"Yes; you thought—"

"I thought—there seemed reasons to believe—"

"Yes; and you believed it; go on!"

Chauvenet's eyes blinked for a moment as he considered the difficulties of his situation. The presence of Baron von Marhof sobered him. America might not, after all, be so safe a place from which to conduct an Old World conspiracy, and this incident must, if possible, be turned to his own account. He addressed the baron in German.

"This man is a designing plotter; he is bent upon mischief and treason; he has contrived an attempt against the noble ruler of our nation—he is a menace to the throne—"

"Who is he?" demanded Marhof impatiently; and his eyes and the eyes of all fell upon Armitage.

"I tell you we found him lurking about in Europe, waiting his chance, and we drove him away—drove him here to watch him. See these things—that sword—those orders! They belonged to the Archduke Karl. Look at them and see that it is true! I tell you we have rendered Austria a high service. One death—one death—at Vienna—and this son of a madman would be king! He is Frederick Augustus, the son of the Archduke Karl!"

The room was very still as the last words rang out. The old ambassador's gaze clung to Armitage; he stepped nearer, the perspiration breaking out upon his brow, and his lips trembled as he faltered:

"He would be king; he would be king!"

Then Armitage spoke sharply to Claiborne.

"That will do. The gentleman may retire now."

As Claiborne thrust Chauvenet out of the room Armitage turned to the little company smiling.

"I am not Frederick Augustus, the son of the Archduke Karl," he said quietly; "nor did I ever pretend that I was, except to lead those men on in their conspiracy. The cigarette case that caused so much trouble at Mr. Claiborne's supper party belongs to me. Here it is."

The old ambassador snatched it from him eagerly.

"This device—the falcon poised upon a silver helmet! You have much to explain, Monsieur."

"It is the coat-of-arms of the house of Schomburg. The case belonged to Frederick Augustus, Karl's son; and this sword was his; and these orders and that cloak lying yonder—all were his. They were gifts from his father. And believe me, my friends, I came by them honestly."

The baron bent over the table and spilled the orders from their silver box and scanned them eagerly. The colored ribbons, the glittering jewels, held the eyes of all. Many of them were the insignia of rare orders no longer conferred. There were the crown and pendent cross of the Invincible Knights of Zaringer; the white falcon upon a silver helmet, swung from a ribbon of cloth of gold—the familiar device of the house of Schomburg, the gold Maltese cross of the Chevaliers of the Blessed Sacrament; the crossed swords above an iron crown of the Ancient Legion of Saint Michael and All Angels; and the full-rigged ship pendent from triple anchors—the decoration of the rare Spanish order of the Star of the Seven Seas. Silence held the company as the ambassador's fine old hands touched one after another. It seemed to Shirley that these baubles again bound the New World, the familiar hills of home, the Virginia shores, to the wallowing caravels of Columbus.

The ambassador closed the silver box the better to examine the white falcon upon its lid. Then he swung about and confronted Armitage.

"Where is he, Monsieur?" he asked, his voice sunk to a whisper, his eyes sweeping the doors and windows.

"The Archduke Karl is dead; his son Frederick Augustus, whom these conspirators have imagined me to be—he, too, is dead."

"You are quite sure—you are quite sure, Mr. Armitage?"

"I am quite sure."

"That is not enough! We have a right to ask more than your word!"

"No, it is not enough," replied Armitage quietly. "Let me make my story brief. I need not recite the peculiarities of the archduke—his dislike of conventional society, his contempt for sham and pretense. After living a hermit life at one of the smallest and most obscure of the royal estates for several years, he

vanished utterly. That was fifteen years ago."

"Yes; he was mad—quite mad," blurted the baron.

"That was the common impression. He took his oldest son and went into exile. Conjectures as to his whereabouts have filled the newspapers sporadically ever since. He has been reported as appearing in the South Sea Islands, in India, in Australia, in various parts of this country. In truth he came directly to America and established himself as a farmer in Western Canada. His son was killed in an accident; the archduke died within the year."

Judge Claiborne bent forward in his chair as Armitage paused.

"What proof have you of this story, Mr. Armitage?"

"I am prepared for such a question, gentlemen. His identity I may establish by various documents which he gave me for the purpose. For greater security I locked them in a safety box of the Bronx Loan and Trust Company in New York. To guard against accidents I named you jointly with myself as entitled to the contents of that box. Here is the key." As he placed the slim bit of steel on the table and stepped back to his old position on the hearth, they saw how white he was, and that his hand shook, and Dick begged him to sit down.

"Yes; will you not be seated, Monsieur?" said the baron kindly.

"No; I shall have finished in a moment. The archduke gave those documents to me, and with it a paper that will explain much in the life of that unhappy gentleman. It contains a disclosure that might in certain emergencies be of very great value. I beg of you, believe that he was not a fool, and not a madman. He sought exile for a reason—for the reason that his son Francis, who has been plotting the murder of the new emperor-king, *is not his son!*"

"What!" roared the baron.

"It is as I have said. The faithlessness of his wife, and not madness, drove him into exile. He intrusted that paper to me and swore me to carry it to Vienna if Francis ever got too near the throne. It is certified by half a dozen officials authorized to administer oaths in Canada, though they, of course, never knew the contents of the paper to which they swore him. He even carried it to New York and swore to it there before the consul-general of Austria-Hungary in that city. There was a certain grim humor in him; he said he wished to have the affidavit bear the seal of his own country, and the consul-general assumed that it was a document of mere commercial significance."

The baron looked at the key; he touched the silver box; his hand rested for a moment on the sword.

"It is a marvelous story—it is wonderful! Can it be true—can it be true?" murmured the ambassador.

"The documents will be the best evidence. We can settle the matter in twenty-four hours," said Judge Claiborne.

"You will pardon me for seeming incredulous, sir," said the baron, "but it is all so extraordinary. And these men, these prisoners—"

"They have pursued me under the impression that I am Frederick Augustus. Oddly enough, I, too, am Frederick Augustus," and Armitage smiled. "I was within a few months of his age, and I had a little brush with Chauvenet and Durand in Geneva in which they captured my cigarette case—it had belonged to Frederick, and the archduke gave it to me—and my troubles began. The emperor-king was old and ill; the disorders in Hungary were to cloak the assassination of his successor; then the Archduke Francis, Karl's reputed son, was to be installed upon the throne."

"Yes; there has been a conspiracy; I—"

"And there have been conspirators!

Two of them are safely behind that door; and, somewhat through my efforts, their chief, Winkelried, should now be under arrest in Vienna. I have had reasons, besides my pledge to Archduke Karl, for taking an active part in these affairs. Two years ago I gave Karl's repudiation of his second son to Count Ferdinand von Stroebel, the prime minister. The statement was stolen from him for the Winkelried conspirators by these men we now have locked up in this house."

The ambassador's eyes blazed with excitement as these statements fell one by one from Armitage's lips; but Armitage went on:

"I trust that my plan for handling these men will meet with your approval. They have chartered the *George W. Curtis*, a fruit-carrying steamer lying at Morgan's wharf in Baltimore, in which they expected to make off after they had finished with me. At one time they had some idea of kidnapping me; and it isn't my fault they failed at that game. But I leave it to you, gentlemen, to deal with them. I will suggest, however, that the presence just now in the West Indies, of the cruiser *Sophia Margaret* flying the flag of Austria-Hungary may be suggestive."

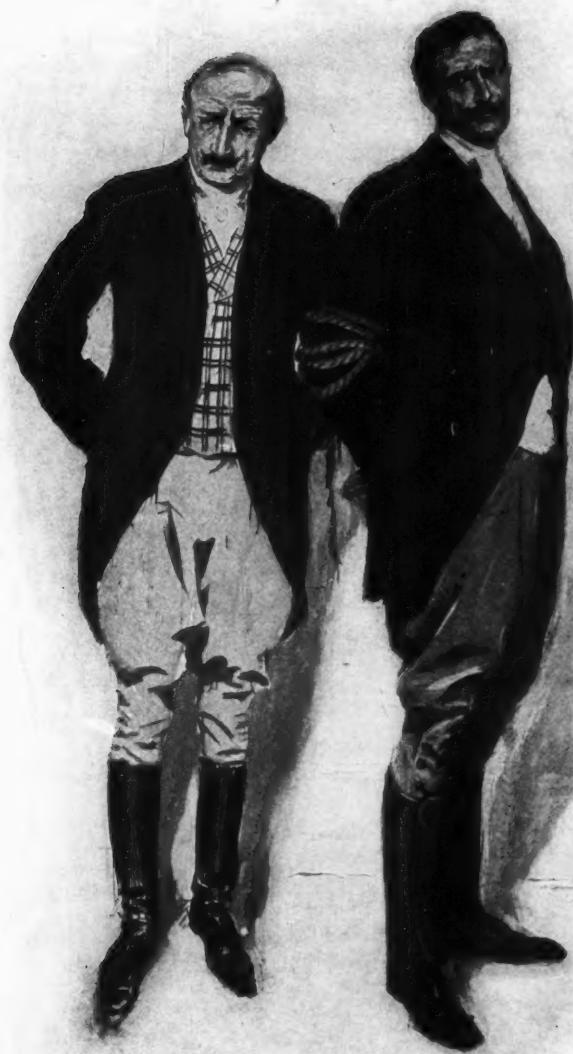
He smiled at the quick glance that passed between the ambassador and Judge Claiborne.

Then Baron von Marhof blurted out the question that was uppermost in the minds of all.

"Who are *you*, John Armitage?"

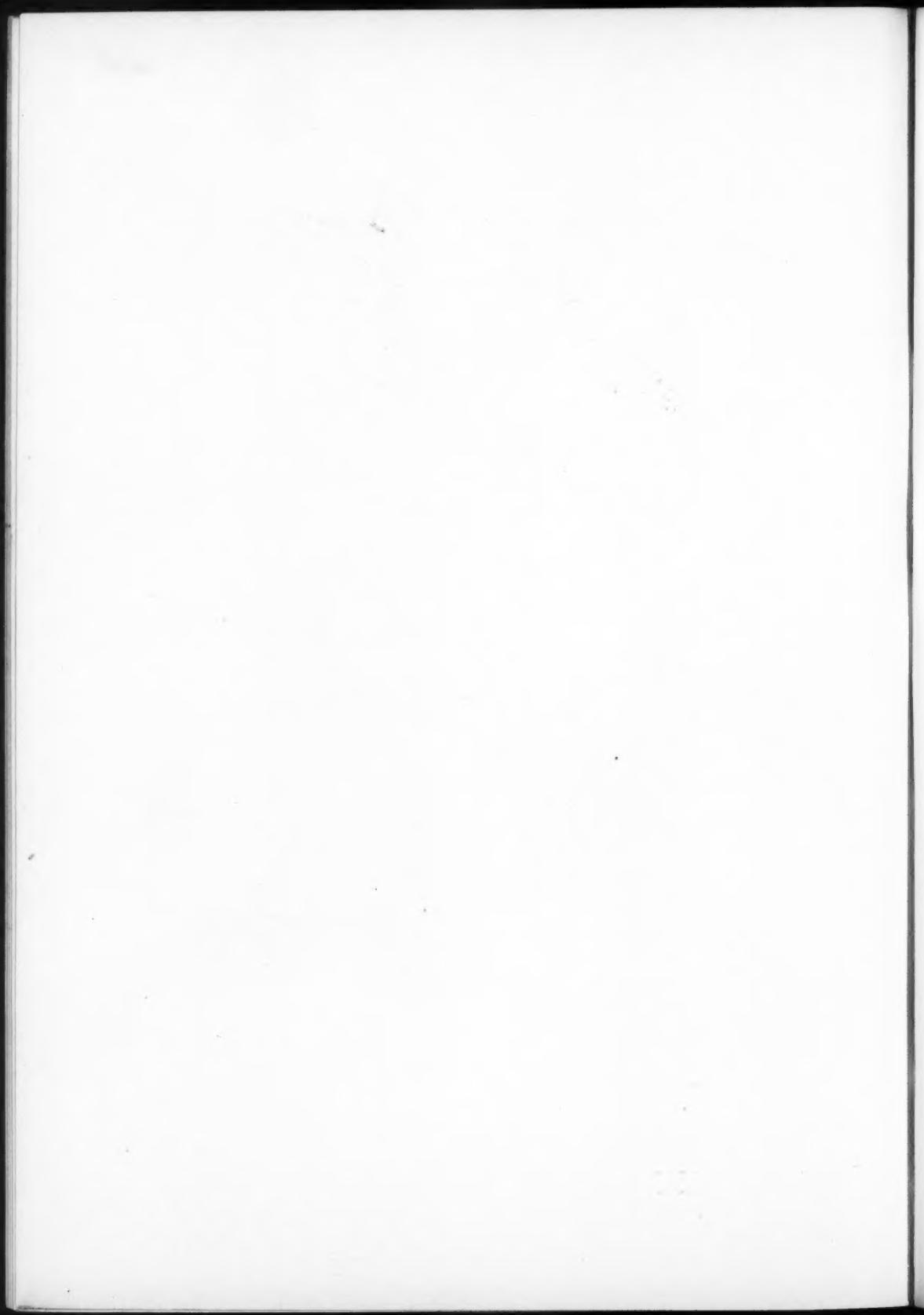
And Armitage answered, quite simply and in the quiet tone that he had used throughout:

"I am Frederick Augustus von Stroebel, the son of your sister and of the Count Ferdinand von Stroebel. The archduke's son and I were schoolfellows and playmates; you remember as well as I my father's place near the royal lands. The archduke talked much of democracy and the New World, and used to



CLARENCE F. UNTER

THE TWO MEN, WITH THEIR WRISTS TIED BEHIND THEM AND A STRAP LINKING
THEM TOGETHER, LOOKED THE LEAST BIT ABSURD



joke about the divine rights of kings. Let me make my story short—I found out their plan of flight and slipped away with them. It was believed that I had been carried away by gypsies."

"Yes, that is true; it is all true! And you never saw your father—you never went to him?"

"I was nearly sixteen when I ran away with Karl. When I appeared before my father in Paris two years ago he would have sent me away, if it had not been that I knew matters of importance to Austria—Austria, always Austria!"

"Yes; that was quite like him," said the ambassador. "He served his country with a passionate devotion. He hated America—he distrusted the whole democratic idea. It was that which pointed his anger against you—that you should have chosen to live here."

"Then a year later—only a few days ago, it seems—I saw him at Geneva, and he told me that Karl's statement had been stolen, and he had his spies abroad looking for the thieves. He was very bitter against me. It was only a few hours before he was killed, as a part of the Winkelried conspiracy. He had given his life for Austria. He told me never to see him again—never to claim my own name until I had done something for Austria. And I went to Vienna and knelt in the crowd at his funeral, and no one knew me, and it hurt me, oh, it hurt me to know that he had grieved for me; that he had wanted a son to carry on his own work, while I had grown away from the whole idea of such labor as his. And now—"

He faltered, his hoarse voice broke with stress of feeling, and his pallor deepened.

"It was not my fault—it was really not my fault! I did the best I could, and, by God, I've got them in the room there where they can't do any harm!—and Dick Claiborne, you are the finest fellow in the world, and the squarest and bravest, and I want to take your hand

before I go to sleep; for I'm sick—yes, I'm sick—and sleepy—and you'd better haul down that flag over the door—it's treason, I tell you!—and if you see Shirley, tell her I'm John Armitage—tell her I'm John Armitage, John Arm—"

The room and its figures rushed before his eyes, and as he tried to stand erect his knees crumpled under him, and before they could reach him he sank to the floor with a moan. As they crowded about he stirred slightly, sighed deeply, and lay perfectly still.

CHAPTER XXVII

DECENT BURIAL

*To-morrow? 'Tis not ours to know
That we again shall see the flowers.
To-morrow is the gods'—but, oh!
To-day is ours.*

—C. E. MERRILL, JR.

Claiborne called Oscar through the soft dusk of the April evening. The phalanx of stars marched augustly across the heavens. Claiborne lifted his face gratefully to the cool night breeze, for he was worn with the stress and anxiety of the day, and there remained much to do. The bungalow had been speedily transformed into a hospital. One nurse, borrowed from a convalescent patient at the Springs, was to be reinforced by another summoned by wire from Washington. The ambassador's demand to be allowed to remove Armitage to the baron's own house at the Springs had been promptly rejected by the surgeon. A fever had hold of John Armitage, who was ill enough without the wound in his shoulder, and the surgeon moved his traps to the bungalow and took charge of the case. Oscar had brought Claiborne's bag, and all was now in readiness for the night.

Oscar's erect figure at salute and his respectful voice brought Claiborne down from the stars.

"We can get rid of the prisoners tonight—yes?"

"At midnight two secret service men will be here from Washington to travel with them to Baltimore to their boat. The baron and my father arranged it over the telephone from the Springs. The prisoners understand that they are in serious trouble, and have agreed to go quietly. The government agents are discreet men. You brought up the buckboard?"

"But the men should be hanged—for they shot our captain, and he may die."

The little man spoke with sad cadence. A pathos in his erect, sturdy figure, his lowered tone as he referred to Armitage, touched Claiborne.

"He will get well, Oscar. Everything will seem brighter to-morrow. You had better sleep until it is time to drive to the train."

Oscar stepped nearer and his voice sank to a whisper.

"I have not forgotten the tall man who died; it is not well for him to go unburied. You are not a Catholic—no?"

"You need not tell me how—or anything about it—but you are sure he is quite dead?"

"He is dead; he was a bad man, and died very terribly," said Oscar, and he took off his hat and drew his sleeve across his forehead. "I will tell you just how it was. When my horse took the wall and got their bullets and tumbled down dead, the big man they called Zmai saw how it was, that we were all coming over after them, and ran. He kept running through the brambles and over the stones, and I thought he would soon turn and we might have a fight, but he did not stop; and I could not let him get away. It was our captain who said, 'We must take them prisoners,' was it not so?"

"Yes; that was Mr. Armitage's wish."

"Then I saw that we were going toward the bridge, the one they do not use, there at the deep ravine. I had

crossed it once and knew that it was weak and shaky, and I slacked up and watched him. He kept on, and just before he came to it, when I was very close to him, for he was a slow runner—yes? being so big and clumsy, he turned and shot at me with his revolver, but he was in a hurry and missed; but he ran on. His feet struck the planks of the bridge with a great jar and creaking, but he kept running and stumbled and fell once with a mad clatter of the planks. He was a coward with a heart of water, and would not stop when I called, and come back for a little fight. The wires of the bridge hummed and the bridge swung and creaked. When he was almost midway of the bridge the big wires that held it began to shriek out of the old posts that held them—though I had not touched them—and it seemed many years that passed while the whole of it dangled in the air like a bird-nest in a storm; and the creek down below laughed at that big coward. I still heard his hoofs thumping the planks, until the bridge dropped from under him and left him for a long second with his arms and legs flying in the air. Yes; it was very horrible to see. And then his great body went down, down—God! It was a very dreadful way for a wicked man to die."

And Oscar brushed his hat with his sleeve and looked away at the purple and gray ridges and their burden of stars.

"Yes, it must have been terrible," said Claiborne.

"But now he can not be left to lie down there on the rocks, though he was so wicked and died like a beast. I am a bad Catholic, but when I was a boy I used to serve mass, and it is not well for a man to lie in a wild place where the buzzards will find him."

"But you can not bring a priest. Great harm would be done if news of this affair were to get abroad. You understand that what has passed here must never be known by the outside

world. My father and Baron von Marhof have counseled that, and you may be sure there are reasons why these things must be kept quiet, or they would seek the law's aid at once."

"Yes; I have been a soldier; but after this little war I shall bury the dead. In an hour I shall be back to drive the buckboard to Lamar station."

Claiborne looked at his watch.

"I will go with you," he said.

They started through the wood toward the Port of Missing Men; and together they found rough niches in the side of the gap, down which they made their way toilsomely to the boulder-lined stream that laughed and tumbled foamily at the bottom of the defile. They found the wreckage of the slender bridge, broken to fragments where the planking had struck the rocks. It was very quiet in the mountain cleft, and the stars seemed withdrawn to newer and deeper arches of heaven as they sought in the debris for the Servian. They kindled a fire of twigs to give light for their search, and soon found the great body lying quite at the edge of the torrent, with arms flung out as though to ward off a blow. The face twisted with terror and the small evil eyes, glassed in death, were not good to see.

"He was a wicked man, and died in sin. I will dig a grave for him by these bushes."

When the work was quite done, Oscar took off his hat and knelt down by the side of the strange grave and bowed his head in silence for a moment. Then he began to repeat words and phrases of prayers he had known as a peasant boy in a forest over seas, and his voice rose to a kind of chant. Such petitions of the Litany of the Saints as he could recall he uttered, his voice rising mournfully among the rocks.

"From all evil; from all sin; from Thy wrath; from sudden and unprovided death, O Lord, deliver us!"

Then he was silent, though in the wavering flame of the fire Claiborne saw that his lips still muttered prayers for the Servian's soul. When again his words grew audible he was saying:

"—That Thou wouldest not deliver it into the hand of the enemy, nor forget it unto the end, but wouldest command it to be received by the holy angels, and conducted to paradise, its true country; that, as in Thee it hath hoped and believed, it may not suffer the pains of hell, but may take possession of eternal joys."

He made the sign of the cross, rose, brushed the dirt from his knees and put on his hat.

"He was a coward and died an ugly death, but I am glad I did not kill him."

"Yes, we were spared murder," said Claiborne; and when they had trodden out the fire and scattered the embers into the stream, they climbed the steep side of the gap and turned toward the bungalow. Oscar trudged silently at Claiborne's side, and neither spoke. Both were worn to the point of exhaustion; the stubborn patience and fidelity of the little man touched a chord in Claiborne. Almost unconsciously he threw his arm across Oscar's shoulders and walked thus beside him as they traversed the battlefield of the morning.

"You knew Mr. Armitage when he was a boy?" asked Claiborne.

"Yes; in the Austrian forest, on his father's place—the Count Ferdinand von Stroebel. The young captain's mother died when he was a child; his father was the great statesman, and did much for the Schomburgs and Austria; but it did not aid his disposition—no?"

The secret service men had come by way of the Springs, and were waiting at the bungalow to report to Claiborne. They handed him a sealed packet of instructions from the Secretary of War. The deportation of Chauvenet and Durand was to be effected at once under

Claiborne's direction, and he sent Oscar to the stables for the buckboard and sat down on the veranda to discuss the trip to Baltimore with the two secret agents. They were to gather up the personal effects of the conspirators at the tavern on the drive to Lamar. The rooms occupied by Chauvenet at Washington had already been ransacked and correspondence and memoranda of a startling character seized. Chauvenet was known to be a professional blackmailer and plotter of political mischief, and the embassy of Austria-Hungary had identified Durand as an ex-convict who had only lately been implicated in the launching of a dangerous issue of forged bonds in Paris. Claiborne had been carefully coached by his father, and he answered the questions of the officers readily:

"If these men give you any trouble, put them under arrest in the nearest jail. We can bring them back here for attempted murder, if nothing worse; and these mountain juries will see that they're put away for a long time. You will accompany them on board the *George W. Curtis*, and stay with them until you reach Cape Charles. A light-house tender will follow the steamer down Chesapeake Bay and take you off. If these gentlemen do not give the proper orders to the captain of the steamer, you will put them all under arrest and signal the tender."

Chauvenet and Durand had been brought out and placed in the buckboard, and these orders were intended for their ears.

"We will waive our rights to a writ of *habeas corpus*," remarked Durand cheerfully, as Claiborne flashed a lantern over them. "Dearest Jules, we shall not forget Monsieur Claiborne's courteous treatment of us."

"Shut up!" snapped Chauvenet.

"You will both of you do well to hold your tongues," remarked Claiborne dryly. "These officers do not understand French, and I assure you they can not be

bought or frightened. If you try to bolt, they will certainly shoot you. If you make a row about going on board your boat at Baltimore, remember they are government agents, with ample authority for any emergency, and that Baron von Marhof has the American State Department at his back."

"You are wonderful, Captain Claiborne," drawled Durand.

"There is no trap in this? You give us the freedom of the sea?" demanded Chauvenet.

"I gave you the option of a Virginia prison for conspiracy to murder, or a run for your life in your own boat beyond the Capes. You have chosen the second alternative; if you care to change your decision—"

Oscar gathered up the reins and waited for the word. Claiborne held his watch to the lantern.

"We must not miss our train, my dear Jules!" said Durand.

"Bah, Claiborne! this is ungenerous of you. You know well enough this is an unlawful proceeding—kidnapping us this way—without opportunity for counsel."

"And without benefit of clergy," laughed Claiborne. "Is it a dash for the sea, or the nearest county jail? If you want to tackle the American courts, we have nothing to venture. The Winkelried crowd are safe behind the bars in Vienna, and publicity can do us no harm."

"Drive on!" ejaculated Chauvenet.

As the buckboard started, Baron von Marhof and Judge Claiborne rode up, and watched the departure from their saddles.

"That's the end of one chapter," remarked Judge Claiborne.

"They're glad enough to go," said Dick. "What's the latest word from Vienna?"

"The conspirators were taken quietly; about one hundred arrests have been made in all, and the Hungarian uprising

has played out utterly—thanks to Mr. John Armitage," and the baron sighed and turned toward the bungalow.

When the two diplomats rode home half an hour later, it was with the assurance that Armitage's condition was satisfactory.

"He is a hardy plant," said the surgeon, "and will pull through."

CHAPTER XXVIII

JOHN ARMITAGE

If so be, you can discover a mode of life more desirable than the being a king, for those who shall be kings; then the true Ideal of the State will become a possibility; but not otherwise.—MARIUS THE EPICUREAN.

June roses overflowed the veranda rail of Baron von Marhof's cottage at Storm Springs. The ambassador and his friend and counsel, Judge Hilton Claiborne, sat in a cool corner with a wicker table between them. The representative of Austria-Hungary shook his glass with an impatience that tinkled the ice.

"He's as obstinate as a mule!"

Judge Claiborne laughed at the baron's vehemence.

"He comes by it honestly. I can imagine his father doing the same thing under similar circumstances."

"What! This rot about democracy! This light tossing away of an honest title, a respectable fortune! My dear sir, there is such a thing as carrying democracy too far!"

"I suppose there is; but he's of age; he's a grown man. I don't see what you're going to do about it."

"Neither do I! But think what he's putting aside. The boy's clever—he has courage and brains, as we know; he could have position—the home government is under immense obligations to him. A word from me to Vienna and his services to the crown would be ac-

knowledged in the most generous fashion. And with his father's memory and reputation behind him—"

"But the idea of reward doesn't appeal to him. We canvassed that last night."

"There's one thing I haven't dared to ask him—to take his own name—to become Frederick Augustus von Stroebel, even if he doesn't want his father's money or the title. Quite likely he will refuse that, too."

"It is possible. Most things seem possible with Armitage."

"It's simply providential that he hasn't become a citizen of your republic. That would have been the last straw!"

They rose as Armitage called to them from a French window near by.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen! When two diplomats get their heads together on a summer afternoon, the universe is in danger."

He came toward them hatless, but trailing a stick that had been the prop of his later convalescence. His blue serge coat, a negligée shirt and duck trousers had been drawn a few days before from the trunks brought by Oscar from the bungalow. He was clean-shaven for the first time since his illness, and the two men looked at him with a new interest. His deepened temples and lean cheeks and hands told their story; but his step was regaining its old assurance, and his eyes were clear and bright. He thrust the little stick under his arm and stood erect, gazing at the near gardens and then at the hills. The wind tumbled his brown newly-trimmed hair, and caught the loose ends of his scarf and whipped them free.

"Sit down. We were just talking of you. You are getting so much stronger every day that we can't be sure of you long," said the baron.

"You have spoiled me—I am not at all anxious to venture back into the world. These Virginia gardens are a dream world, where nothing is really quite true."

"Something must be done about your father's estate soon. It is yours, waiting and ready."

The baron bent toward the young man anxiously.

Armitage shook his head slowly, and clasped the stick with both hands and held it across his knees.

"No,—no! Please let us not talk of that any more. I could not feel comfortable about it. I have kept my pledge to do something for his country—something that we may hope pleases him if he knows."

The three were silent for a moment. A breeze, sweet with pine-scent of the hills, swept the valley, taking tribute of the gardens as it past. The baron was afraid to venture his last request.

"But the name—the honored name of the greatest statesman Austria has known—a name that will endure while the greatest names of Europe—surely you can at least accept that."

The ambassador's tone was as gravely importunate as though he were begging the cession of a city from a harsh conqueror. Armitage rose and walked the length of the veranda. He had not seen Shirley since that morning when the earth had slipped from under his feet at the bungalow. The Claibornes had been back and forth often between Washington and Storm Springs. The judge had just been appointed a member of the Brazilian boundary commission which was to meet shortly in Berlin, and Mrs. Claiborne and Shirley were to go with him. In the Claiborne garden, beyond and below, he saw a flash of white here and there among the dark green hedges. He paused, leaned against a pillar, and waited until Shirley crossed one of the walks and passed slowly on, intent upon the rose trees; and he saw—or thought he saw—the sun searching out the gold in her brown hair. She was hatless. Her white costume emphasized the straight line of her figure. She paused to ponder some new arrangement of a

line of hydrangeas, and he caught a glimpse of her against a fairy pillar of crimson ramblers. Then he went back to the baron.

"How much of our row in the hills got into the newspapers?" he asked, sitting down.

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. The presence of the *Sophia Margaret* off the Capes caused inquiries to be made at the embassy, and several correspondents came down here to interview me. Then the revenue officers made some raids in the hills opportunely and created a local diversion. You were hurt while cleaning your gun—please do not forget that!—and you are a friend of my family—a very eccentric character, who has chosen to live in the wilderness."

The judge and Armitage laughed at these explanations, though there was a little constraint upon them all. The baron's question was still unanswered.

"You ceased to be of particular interest some time ago. While you were sick the fraudulent Kissell was arrested in Australia, and I believe some of the newspapers apologized to you hand-somely."

"That was very generous of them," and Armitage shifted his position slightly. A white skirt had flashed again in the Claiborne garden and he was trying to follow it. At the same time there were questions he wished to ask and have answered. The Baroness von Marhof had already gone to Newport; the baron lingered merely out of good feeling toward Armitage—for it was as Armitage that he was still known to the people of Storm Springs, to the doctor and nurses who tended him.

"The news from Vienna seems tranquil enough," remarked Armitage. He had not yet answered the baron's question, and the old gentleman grew restless at the delay. "I read in *Die Neue Freie Presse* a while ago that Charles Louis is showing an unexpected capacity for affairs. It is reported, too, that an heir is

in prospect. The Winkelried conspiracy is only a bad dream and we may safely turn to other affairs."

"Yes; but the margin by which we escaped is too narrow to contemplate."

"We have a saying that a miss is as good as a mile," remarked Judge Claiborne. "We have never told Mr. Armitage that we found the papers in the safety box at New York to be as he described them."

"They are dangerous. We have hesitated as to whether there was more risk in destroying them than in preserving them," said the baron.

Armitage shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"They are out of my hands. I positively decline to accept their further custody."

A messenger appeared with a telegram which the baron opened and read.

"It's from the commander of the *Sophia Margaret*, who is just leaving Rio Janeiro for Trieste, and reports his prisoners safe and in good health."

"It was a happy thought to have him continue his cruise to the Brazilian coast before returning homeward. By the time he delivers those two scoundrels to his government their fellow conspirators will have forgotten they ever lived. But"—and Judge Claiborne shrugged his shoulders and smiled disingenuously—"as a lawyer I deplore such methods. Think what a stir would be made in this country if it were known that two men had been kidnapped in the sovereign state of Virginia and taken out to sea under convoy of ships carrying our flag for transfer to an Austrian battle-ship! That's what we get for being a free republic that can not countenance the extradition of a foreign citizen for a political offense."

Armitage was not listening. Questions of international law and comity had no interest for him whatever. The valley breeze, the glory of the blue Virginia sky, the far-stretching lines of hills that

caught and led the eye like sea billows; the dark green of shrubbery, the slope of upland meadows, and that elusive, vanishing gleam of white—before such things as these the splendor of empire and the might of armies were unworthy of man's desire.

The baron's next words broke harshly upon his mood.

"The gratitude of kings is not a thing to be despised. You could go to Vienna and begin where most men leave off! Strong hands are needed in Austria,—you could make yourself the younger—the greater Stroebel—"

The mention of his name brought back the baron's still unanswered question. He referred to it now, as he stood before them smiling.

"I have answered all your questions but one; I shall answer that a little later,—if you will excuse me for just a few minutes I will go and get the answer,—that is, gentlemen, I hope I shall be able to bring it back with me."

He turned and ran down the steps and strode away through the long shadows of the garden. They heard the gate click after him as he passed into the Claiborne grounds and then they glanced at each other with such a glance as may pass between two members of a peace commission sitting on the same side of the table, who will not admit to each other that the latest proposition of the enemy has been in the nature of a surprise. They did not, however, suffer themselves to watch Armitage, but diplomatically refilled their glasses.

Through the green walls went Armitage. He had not been out of the baron's grounds before since he was carried thence from the bungalow; and it was pleasant to be free once more, and able to stir without a nurse at his heels; and he swung along with his head and shoulders erect, walking with the confident stride of a man who has no doubt whatever of his immediate aim.

At the pergola he paused to recon-

noiter, finding on the bench certain *vestigia* that interested him deeply—a pink parasol, a contrivance of straw, lace and pink roses that seemed to be a hat, and a June magazine. He jumped upon the bench where once he had sat, an exile, a refugee, a person discussed in disagreeable terms by the newspapers, and studied the landscape. Then he went on up the gradual slope of the meadow, until he came to the pasture wall. It was under the trees beneath which Oscar had waited for Zmai that he found her.

"They told me you wouldn't dare venture out for a week," she said, advancing toward him and giving him her hand.

"That was what they told me," he said, laughing; "but I escaped from my keepers."

"You will undoubtedly take cold—without your hat!"

"Yes; I shall undoubtedly have pneumonia from exposure to the Virginia sunshine. I take my chances."

"You may sit on the wall for three minutes; then you must go back. I can not be responsible for the life of a wounded hero."

"Please!"

He held up his hand.

"That's what I came to talk to you about."

"About being a hero? You have taken an unfair advantage. I was going to send for the latest designs in laurel wreaths to-morrow."

She sat down beside him on the wall. The sheep were a grayish blur against the green. A little negro boy was shepherding them, and they scampered before him toward the farther end of the pasture. The faint and vanishing tinkle of a bell, and the boy's whistle, gave emphasis to the country quiet of the late afternoon. They spoke rapidly and impersonally of his adventures in the hills and of his illness. When they looked at each other it was with swift laughing glances. Her cheeks and hands were already brown—an honest brown won

from May and June in the open field—not that blistered, peeling scarlet that marks the insincere devotee of racket, driver and oar, who jumps into the game in August, but the real brown conferred by the dear mother of us all upon the faithful who go forth to meet her in April. Her hands interested him particularly. They were long, slender and supple; and she had a pretty way of folding them upon her knees that charmed him.

"I didn't know, Miss Claiborne, that I was going to lose my mind that morning at the bungalow or I should have asked your brother to conduct you to the conservatory while I fainted. From what they told me I must have been a little light-headed for a day or two. If I had been in my right mind I shouldn't have let Captain Dick mix up in my business and run the risk of getting killed in a nasty little row. Dear old Dick! I made a mess of that whole business; I ought to have telegraphed for the Storm Springs constable in the beginning, and told him that if he wasn't careful the noble house of Schomburg would totter and fall."

"Yes; and just imagine the effect on our constable of telling him that the fate of an empire lay in his hands. It's hard enough to get a man arrested who beats his horse. But you must go back to your keepers. You haven't your hat—"

"Neither have you; you shan't outdo me in recklessness. I inspected your hat as I came through the pergola. I liked it immensely; I came near seizing it as spoil of war—the loot of the pergola!"

"There would be cause for another war; I have rarely liked any hat so much. But the baron will be after you in a moment. I can't be responsible for you."

"The baron annoys me. He has given me a lot of worry. And that's what I have come to ask you about."

"Then I should say that you oughtn't to quarrel with a dear old man like

Baron von Marhof. Besides, he's your uncle."

"No! No! I don't want him to be my uncle! I don't need any uncle!"

He glanced about with an anxiety that made her laugh.

"I understand perfectly! My father told me that the events of April in these hills were not to be mentioned. But don't worry; the sheep won't tell—and I won't."

He was silent for a moment as he thought out the words of what he wished to say to her. The sun was dipping down into the hills; the mellow air was still; the voice of a negro singing as he crossed a distant field stole sweetly upon them.

"Shirley!"

"Shirley!" and his fingers closed upon hers.

"I love you, Shirley! From those days when I saw you in Paris—before the great Gettysburg battle picture, I loved you. You had felt the cry of the Old World, the story that is in its battlefields, its beauty and romance, just as I had felt the call of this new and more wonderful world. I understood—I knew what was in your heart; I knew what those things meant to you;—but I had put them aside; I had chosen another life for myself. And the poor life that you saved, that is yours if you will take it. I have told your father and Baron von Marhof that I would not take the fortune my father left me; I would not go back there to be thanked or to get a ribbon to wear in my coat. But my name, the name I bore as a boy and disgraced in my father's eyes—his name that he made famous throughout the world, the name I cast aside with my youth, the name I flung away in anger—they wish me to take that."

She withdrew her hand and, rising,

she looked away toward the blue line of the western hills.

"The greatest romance in the world is here, Shirley. I have dreamed it all over—in the Canadian woods, on the Montana ranch as I watched the herd at night. My father spent his life keeping a king upon his throne; but I believe there are higher things and finer things than steadyng a shaking throne or being a king. And the name that has meant nothing to me except dominion and power—it can serve no purpose for me to take it now. I learned much from the poor archduke; he taught me to hate the sham and shame of the life he had fled from. My father was the last great defender of the divine right of kings; but I believe in the divine right of men. And the dome of the capitol in Washington does not mean to me force or hatred or power, but faith and hope and man's right to live and do and be whatever he can make himself. I will not go back to take the old name unless—unless you tell me I must, Shirley!"

There was an instant in which they both faced the westering sun. He looked down suddenly and the deep feeling in his heart went to his lips.

"It was that way—you were just like that when I saw you first, Shirley, with the dreams in your eyes."

He caught her hand and kissed it—bending very low indeed. Suddenly, as he stood erect, her arms were about his neck and her cheek with its warmth and color lay against his face.

"I do not know"—and he scarcely heard the whispered words—"I do not know Frederick Augustus von Stroebel—but I love—John Armitage," she said.

Then back across the meadow, through the rose-aisled ways of the garden, they went hand in hand together and answered the baron's question.

HANNAH ATKINS

By ARTHUR COLTON

Author of "The Delectable Mountains," "The Belted Seas," etc.

ZIONVILLE is a stirring city. It began life with the outfit of a railroad junction and a view of the Pacific. From the junction it derived its vigor and practicability; from the Pacific its freedom from prejudice and its power of prophetic vision. The visiting stranger in time becomes aware of another peculiarity about it, namely, that, although not an old town, yet distinction seems already to have centered in its cemetery, a noble enclosure with an imposing gateway. He will notice many a subtle evidence of this. He will hear the cemetery locally called "The Museum," and will wonder. Let him be counseled, then, to seek out Jones' Hotel and the proprietor thereof, one Abner, familiarly called Cockeye Jones. He will find him an elderly, cross-eyed man, full of local patriotism. Let the stranger fall into casual conversation, and at the proper time, pointing carelessly to the cemetery's tallest monument, seen stately in the distance, inquire:

"Who's that monument for?"

Then will Mr. Jones fasten on either side of his questioner a glassy, diagonal stare.

"Stranger," he will say, "you sit right there, for I know all about that monument," and he will speak as follows:

"It was in 1876. I was on a steamer coming from Lima to San Francisco, and I met a man named William C. Holmes—Doctor William C.—for he was a terrible learned man, and he had with him a lot of baked clay pots from Peru, which were the worst pots you ever saw, and he said they had 'great archeological interest'—meaning that he liked that kind of pots. But that opinion on his part had a tendency to provoke ribaldry on the steamer *Magellan*, for it

was mainly a light-hearted company that was sailing those seas.

"But there was a man named Samuel R. Cox, who was a serious man, not to say morose, with a heavy face, shaped like a Bartlett pear, and a voice like the lowing of a lonely cow, and he hailed from Zionville, California, and walked about like a statesman, with destiny on his shoulders; and if you inquired 'Whose destiny?' pretty soon you found out it was the destiny of Zionville.

"But Dr. Holmes was a lively, dried-up man, with hair standing mostly on end, to show how tumultuous he felt inside, and he had with him a Peruvian mummy, too, whose name was 'Huayna Ccapac.' But nobody else could say it that way, and we called her 'Hannah Atkins,' barring the crew, who said 'Mrs. Atkins,' not wishing to take liberties with cabin passengers; for this Hannah was a well-preserved lady, as such go, and William C. Holmes was touchy about her reputation and claims to respect, same as if she'd been a revered parent, though she was no relation of his. She couldn't be. He claimed it was four hundred years since she'd been dried. Besides, she was a royal Inca from Peru, and daughter of a celebrated monarch of those parts, named Huayna Ccapac also; from which one judged Hannah was named after that monarch. The surest way to have trouble with Dr. Holmes was to refer to her sort of slighting, as, for instance, to call her obsolete, or stolid, or to remark that her coffin seemed too short and her laying-out hunched up and undignified. She was intended for the Museum of the University of Colorado, and her looks might be called scholastic, without putting it too strong.

"Dr. Holmes used to talk about her a good deal, using Peruvian and technical terms, so you couldn't tell for sure whether it was Hannah's genealogy he was giving or the geography of the Andes, nor find out which, he being touchy about remarks or questions interrupting and ignorant, as when S. R. Cox asked, speaking slow, moaning-like and gloomy, and pointing his heavy finger at W. C., whether them figures he, Dr. Holmes, was giving was the dimensions of the City of Cuzco, or Mrs. Atkins' grand-parents' age at death of deceased; and, if so, whether he, Dr. Holmes, was acquainted with her in youth; and, if so, whether she was yellow at that time, or affected since by a fever of that color; and, if so, inasmuch as he, Dr. Holmes, had stated emphatic that he was no relative, but only an admirer of Mrs. Atkins, whether he didn't agree with his, Mr. Cox's, opinion that the further statements which he, Dr. Holmes, had made, namely, that Mrs. Atkins was four hundred years old if a day, and her complexion painted, wa'n't unchivalrous statements that throwed doubts on the genuineness of his, Dr. Holmes', boasted admiration; and, if so, supposing there was any Colorado museum, which wa'n't likely, and they ever got there, whether he, Dr. Holmes, and she, Mrs. Atkins, was going to be exhibited in the same show-case; and if so, whether he, Dr. Holmes, hadn't better look out what names he called a gentleman such as he, Mr. Cox, claimed to be, or what opprobrious language he used as at present.

"For W. C. Holmes got to miscalling Mr. Cox, at this point, in terms that oughtn't to be used promiscuous, stating he considered him 'a thick-headed huaynaputina,' in respect to spouting nonsense, 'a viscacha, an ucumari, a regular caraquenque,' in respect to other qualities; so that S. R. Cox got mad at that language, and said he'd be even with Dr. Holmes or take it out of Han-

nah. He thought calling another man names in languages the other man didn't know was a kind of slander that oughtn't to be spoken. Then Samuel R. Cox went away and appeared to mope, for he was a man not given to light-mindedness.

"Yes, sir, that's how I came to know William C. Holmes, Samuel R. Cox, Hannah Atkins, and Zionville, which is a town, sir, that hasn't a parallel in the solar system nor the milky way, and I ran across it in this way:

"Dr. Holmes and I became friendly on the voyage, and kept company together after in San Francisco. He started Hannah Atkins by freight for Colorado, intending to follow shortly to deliver a presentation address, which he had already written out. It was a handsome address for exalted feeling and starry language. It was an address suited for an institution with a destiny.

"He wired ahead: 'Mummy shipped per Southern Pacific R. R.' The next day he got a hurry message: 'What's this trouble about the mummy?' He wired back: 'Don't know of any trouble.' Then he got this portentous and mystic reply: 'Held up at Zionville.'

"In those days, sir, Zionville was just a railroad junction, with a hotel, a lot of ramshackle houses scattered along toward the bay, a few handsome residences on the sand bluffs, a couple of brick blocks, a high school, a jail and three churches. But you'd never have suspected from the look of it that it had an aspiring soul. No, you wouldn't. There were a good many Mexicans and Chinamen around that didn't count. Maybe you might notice the public had a habit of congregating in the open. Pretty much all Zionville would be on Main Street in the evenings. There weren't any sidewalks except on Main Street, and nothing that looked like a cemetery, because at that time Zionville had lately been reformed, and before the reformation, when a body was dead

that was worth while, they used to ship him to San Francisco, where he could get a ceremony ready made, and if not worth while, it wasn't much noticed what became of him. The fact is, it's always been a dispute here what Zionville was like before she was converted, but the general opinion is that she was unique, though her morals was seedy. But dating from the conversion, she set her mind on higher things, and that had happened shortly before W. C. Holmes first set eyes upon her.

"William C. Holmes and I landed in this town one afternoon, he with such raging emotions in his head as kept discharging his hat upward with a series of explosions, and I first beholding, and as yet with careless eyes, the town of Zionville, knowing nothing of its nature. It was a drowsy, shiftless-looking town. But a hint of its true nature and united soul came to us immediate. No sooner did W. C. Holmes set himself to violent inquiry for Hannah Atkins than Zionville woke up. She shook her leonine mane, she peeled her eagle eye, she girded her loins and unlimbered herself. Before W. C. Holmes and I knew what was up we were enclosed in a procession, and the town was thick with dust. It appeared to be organized with determined purpose. We moved to the sound of fifes, cymbals and drums. We turned up the alley where there used to be a large hall behind Gregson's grocery. Whoever in Zionville wasn't in that hall was looking through the windows.

"In the upper end on the right sat twelve men on benches. On the left stood a table, and on the table the familiar box that contained the earthly tabernacle and repose of Hannah Atkins. I spotted it right off. Between them sat one who is now no more. His name, sir, was Louisa.

"Gentlest and suavest of men he was, and called 'Louisa,' though his family name was 'Bumper,' but he came from

Louisiana, and partly for that reason was called Louisa, but more for the sense that Zionville always shows for things that are appropriate. He had a remarkable long beard, and was a large man, with a soft, high-piping voice, and he was coroner and justice of the peace, and some other things at that time, and in later days mayor of Zionville, on account of his manners, which flowed like molasses from a spigot.

"And there was W. C. Holmes and I, hauled up before that soft and subtle infant, Louisa, and a sort of a jury, but whether it was a coroner's jury or some other kind we didn't know; and behind us was the interested populace of Zionville, that wanted to know all about Hannah Atkins; and W. C. Holmes was mad, and started in to give his opinion of Zionville, but Louisa sort of flowed over him, in the manner of molasses overflowing a hot griddle-cake.

"'Lateh, doctah, lateh,' he says, 'we will discuss with you the foibles of ouah society, but we are interested now, suh, in lea'ning how the pahty in this heah truncated coffin came to be traveling through Zionville in this heah noncommittal manneh. That, suh, is the point on which Zionville desires to be in fo'med.'

"Moreover, Zionville on that point was a-punching, not to say a-hoisting, Dr. Holmes from behind, in a way that interfered with his discourse, and I'm not denying but some miscellaneous boots was applied to me by parties unknown and since forgiven.

"Then W. C. took a new start, and sailed off on the genealogy of Hannah. But this appeared to introduce confusion and doubt in the mind of Zionville, same as it used to in the minds of passengers on board the *Magellan*. In the same way I seemed to distinguish a voice from somewhere in the crowd, sounding like a cow a-mooing, solemn and inquiring:

"'Whether them names he, Dr. Holmes,

mentioned was the names of Mrs. Atkins' ancestors or of the last heathen jurymen that had tried him for some previous harrowin' crime; and if so, whether remarks made in the Choctaw language on insurance statistics, such as his, Dr. Holmes', remarks appeared to him, the speaker, to be, were not likely to impress an intelligent jury as intended merely to mislead and deceive; and if so, whether he, Dr. Holmes, did or did not intend to brush his hair before justice was executed upon him summarily by the aroused public spirit of Zionville.'

"Docteh," says Louisa, flowing molasses-like, "I grieve to have misguided you. I endeav'ed to make plain the desire of the citizens of Zionville fo' info'mation, not on the subject of this lady's remote ancestry, but as to how she came by heh death, and why she was traveling round on railroads, not as an authenticated co'pse, but as ino'ganic freight, addressed to some moh or less mythological institution or abstract idea in Colorado. Do I now make myself plain, suh? Do I understand you to depose heh death as violent or natu'al?"

"How—how—how the blazes should I know?" says W. C., exasperated.

"The defendant deposes that he don't know. The defendant declines to testify on the point."

"She's a mummy!" shouted W. C. "A Peruvian mummy! What—what's the matter with this maniac of a town?"

"Docteh," says Louisa, "Zionville is pleased to know you. Undeh otheh circumstances youah effe'vesent humor would delight it beyond measure. But it is the opinion of the Co't you ought to be info'med that this is a moral town. Yes, suh, not insanity but morality is what hit us. It's the moralest town this side the Sierras. We've got the reputation now with the sweat of ouah virtues. There was a time when anybody found in possession of a co'pse might be asked casually what he was going to do with it,

or he might not; but times are changed. We make a point now of asking where he got it, which is, of co'se, suh, a delicate question, and a sacrifice of perfect courtesy to exacting morals. We admit it. But, suh, you have projected this heah deceased into this heah moral community, and yet you claim not to know "what the blazes"—if I quote correctly—she died of. The Co't deprecates this distrustful attitude on your paht. In response to pertinent and propeh questions you indulge in humorous statements regarding—if I caught the word—"mummies," and in furtheh rema'ks which, though springing nach'ully from your admirable learning, suh, are yet inappropriate to your serious situation. The Co't deprecates this frivolity. The Co't proposes to info'm you of the evidence in its possession bearing on this case."

"That's what he said—Louisa—and he took a document from his pocket and read that document.

"The following letter, suh, was received day befo' yesterday by me, addressed "To the Magistrates of Zionville, California:

"Gentlemen: On or about the 14th instant, on the south-bound freight, there will probably enter Zionville a suspicious-looking box, addressed apparently to parties in the University of Colorado, and consigned, you are hereby informed, by one calling himself W. C. Holmes; and if so, whether upon examination of the said box the magistrates of Zionville shall decide the said W. C. Holmes to be a party improperly at large; and if so, whether the occupant of said box, who appears to have been a respectable middle-aged woman named 'Hannah Atkins,' came naturally or not by her death; and if so, whether the said W. C. Holmes' account of how he came into possession of the contents or occupant of this box shall appear to the said magistrates, as it has appeared to the undersigned, excited, incoherent and evasive toward inquiry, as tending

to bring up irrelevant subjects and delude the mind; and if so, whether the said undersigned has or has not an opinion on these points as bearing on the destinies of Zionville, he says no more at present, but subscribes himself, respectfully your fellow-citizen, Samuel R. Cox."

"The suspicions," says Louisa, "fo'med by ouah esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Cox, appeah to the Co't to have been justified. The Co't directs the sheriff to remove the pahty calling himself William C. Holmes, and his presumable accomplice, the cross-eyed pahty calling himself A. Jones, and hold the pahties for furtheh action. The Co't is ad-journed."

"Yes, sir, William C. Holmes and I were enclosed in the town jail. I could see from its barred window the length of Main Street, running down to the bay. W. C.'s state of mind was something not to be described but lamented. His language concerning Zionville I don't repeat. Such things is best forgotten. Already I differed from him. Already the voice of Zionville had touched an answering chord in my bosom. I looked from that window upon Main Street. It was full of a crowd that acted like they all belonged to a family. Some blocks away was a man resembling Samuel R. Cox, being in fact himself, on a dry-goods box, talking confidential to the public, heavy and boooing like a cow, and arguing with his fore-finger. There seemed to be a general session of Zionville in Main Street. I judged we were the subject of conversation, along with Hannah Atkins. I judged S. R. Cox was airing his doubts. I looked on these things. Something in my bosom answered the voice of Zionville. 'Zionville,' I says to myself, 'art thou the city of my soul?' I says. 'Do we meet at last?' and I says to W. C. Holmes, who was running around like a water-bug and discharging his mind in volleys:

"'W. C.,' I says, 'shut up. William Holmes, listen to me. Ain't there any archeological interest stirring in your bosom? Have you looked in the face of Zionville this day and seen nothing?'

"He says, 'What, what! What do you mean?'

"'Cast your eyes back over these events,' I says, sternly. 'Look from this window on that people. Did you ever see a town like Zionville to raise the slumbering instincts of the archeologist and the antiquarian?'

"'Archeology!' he says, scornful. 'Antiquity! Why, it's just old enough to be spanked, and that's what it needs!'

"'Precisely,' I says. 'W. C., precisely. Moreover, it's my opinion there ain't been such a youthful place since the deluge. You're riled, William, which ain't becoming to a scientist, else you'd have noticed this here remarkable fact.'

"W. C. Holmes stopped and reflected, with one finger on his intellectual forehead.

"'You think the actions of Zionville shows disrespect to Hannah Atkins, whereas I see in those actions the signs of a noble respect,' I says. 'But that ain't what's hoisting me. It wasn't the youthfulness of Zionville that hit me first. It was the sudden way she had of getting herself together; it was her unity of mind; it was her *esprit de corps*. That's it; that's the word. Now, what sort of an antique township do you recollect having that there quality?'

"'Greek!' he shouted, and started fidgeting again. 'The civic clan! Hum! You're right. Ha! It's a survival! What! A reversion! An atavism!'

"I says, 'W. C., look out how you go slinging suspicious names within hearing of Zionville, for she's high-bred and nervous. What I mean to say is this: she's the kind of a town that's got a character, and acts up to it; she's the kind most worth living in. William Holmes, I'm going to stay here,' I says. 'Zionville for me.'

"Through the barred window I saw the jail was surrounded by the public now, and something more appeared to be up, but I judged from its subdued behavior there was no lynching intended. At this point the door of the room was knocked on, unlocked, opened, and Samuel R. Cox and Louisa walked in. They sat down on a bench, facing me and William C. Holmes. They appeared embarrassed. Mr. Cox began, disconsolate like:

"Supposin' we come in the spirit of conciliation," he says, and hesitated, as if not yet onto his gait.

"As ambassadors, maybe," I says, "ambassadors from Zionville."

"The ve'y wo'd, Misteh Jones," says Louisa, looking pleased. "Ambassadohs from Zionville."

"And if so," says S. R. Cox, getting his gait, "whether my letter to the magistrates of Zionville was intended to get even for language understood as miscalling of vicious names, or intended wholly to further the public interests of Zionville, or mixed in respect to motive; and if so, whether these present remarks might be regarded in the nature of an apology on that point; and if so, whether Dr. Holmes would rather Hannah Atkins should be confiscated as incidental to judicial proceedings whose other results, though likely to be fatal to Dr. Holmes, Zionville could no more than vainly regret, because public interests is first considered; or whether Dr. Holmes would see reason, and deliver over Hannah Atkins peaceable, for a consideration, to the necessities of Zionville, and thereby win an honorable place in its history; and if so, supposin' Dr. Holmes would state his mind on that point without incommodin' the subject with the conquest of Peru and the natural history of South America, it would accommodate me and this here magistrate, if Dr. Holmes would make that attempt."

"Docteh," says Louisa, sliding in sort of syrupy, "allow me to state but briefly

certain facts. Zionville is a moral town. It's the moral town you evuh saw. But we see the necessity, suh, of getting ouah —a-atmospheric morals embodied in substantial institutions. We have already a high school with an Eastern college graduate at the head. Yes, suh. We have three churches, provided with clergymen not one of whom dares show himself on the street without a choke collar. No, suh. We have a cemetery, so far as a fence around it goes toward providing such an institution. But, suh, heah is the point: Ouah cemetery has not as yet—by fo'mally entering upon its career of public usefulness—it has not as yet, suh, attained its propeh standing in the community. It has been suggested that time would remedy this want. It would. But in the meanwhile, Zionville is impatient. Now, suh, Zionville discerns in Mrs. Atkins the mos' extraordinary fitness for this purpose. Now, suh, Mr. Cox and myself have consulted. We discern a rare opportunity—a crisis in Zionville's destiny. The citizens in a body have been consulted. They have took to the idea like a niggah to a water-melon. Ouah determination is inflexible. A monument has been ordehed from San Francisco, the ceremonies are arranged whereby to plant Mrs. Atkins—whereby to inaugurate ouah cemetery. Name your price, suh. It's yours. Name your conditions. They're granted. The antecedents of Mrs. Atkins, at your dictation, shall be inscribed on the monument itself, in indelible characters. They are the mos' essential element in Mrs. Atkins' value to this community, believe me. We hope, suh, to see them in your own eloquent language, imperishably engraven. We await, suh, your anseh."

"W. C. Holmes rushed to and fro, with his hair discharging electric sparks to indicate the condition of his brain.

"Why, bless my soul!" he says. "What, what! What good would a Peruvian mummy do you? Why don't you

bury a buffalo and call it a bishop? What, what! What's the town after, anyhow?"

"'Fame,' says Louisa. 'Fame.'

"'Fame? Fame? But look here, look here. The University of Colorado has a claim.'

"'We settle that claim,' says Louisa.

"'But—but look here. Mummies go in museums—museums!'

"'Very good, suh. Ain't a cemetery a museum?'

"'What, what! Dear, dear! You'll be the death of me. But I've got a speech written for delivery in Colorado.'

"'Deliveh it heah, docteh. Deliveh it heah.'

"'It won't fit.'

"'Fit it then.'

"'Oh, my head, my head!' says W. C.

"'You agree, docteh?'

"'Good gracious, yes,' says W. C., groaning.

"'Then, suh,' says Louisa, 'Zionville welcomes you.'

"S. R. Cox put his hat through the window and waved it, and Zionville broke out in simultaneous applause.

"Yes, sir, Zionville welcomed us; she was right to welcome us. If ever two men showed far-sighted statesmanship, they were Samuel R. Cox and Louisa. The prosperity of Zionville sprang from Mrs. Atkins. From that date started the great Zionville boom. S. R. Cox and Louisa foresaw it. They planned the ceremony.

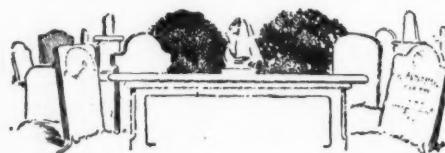
"That inaugural ceremony, with ex-

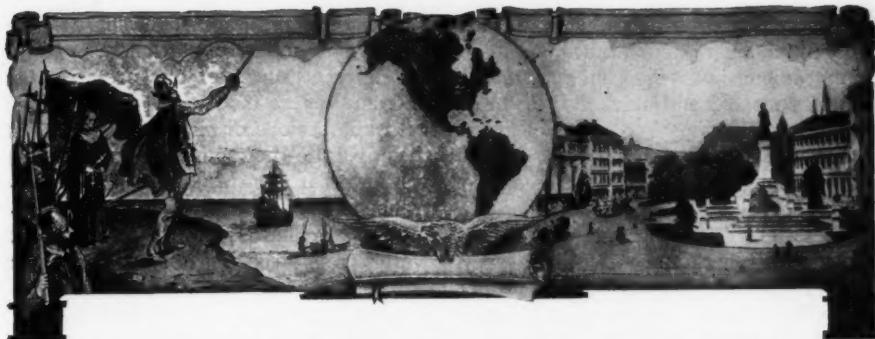
tracts from Dr. Holmes' adapted address, furnished a front page item in half the newspapers of the country. The fame of Zionville ran lightly from Montana to Florida. Proud Boston heard the name. Chicago and New York took note.

"'Gentlemen,' says W. C., 'it is my good fortune to be able to deposit in this place an archeological treasure, destined to render it the centripetal point of envious resort.' Yes, sir; and Zionville hollered at that like a bull. 'The last pre-Spanish ruler of Peru, Huayna Ccapac,' says William Holmes, 'died in the year 1527. Among his numerous progeny was a princess who, according to tradition, inherited the name of her august father, and of whose earthly tabernacle this institution, to-day successfully inaugurated by the—a—town of Zionville, becomes the trustee and guardian. Many an interesting relic hereafter shall be placed here and commemorated. Humbly I claim only the honor of this inaugural gift, happy to assist in laying, as it were, the corner-stone of the fame of this institution; assured that the —a—town of Zionville will have a place in the annals of American archeology,' says W. C., and Zionville says simultaneous:

"'He means Hannah!'

"Yes, sir. From that date A. Jones and William C. Holmes cast in their lots with Zionville, and William C. lies in the museum to-day, near by Hannah Atkins."





THE SOUTH AMERICAN SITUATION

By ALBERT HALE

"WE WISH NO VICTORIES BUT THOSE OF PEACE, NO TERRITORY EXCEPT OUR OWN, AND NO SOVEREIGNTY EXCEPT SOVEREIGNTY OVER OURSELVES, WHICH WE DEEM INDEPENDENCE."

SECRETARY ROOT AT RIO DE JANEIRO, JULY 31, 1906.

VII

VENEZUELA—THE CAPITAL AND THE GOVERNMENT



Full-blood Carib Indian Nurse

CARACAS is the cradle of South American liberty. Bolívar and Miranda are names never to be forgotten in history, and both of these men were born in Caracas. Sucre is another Venezuelan patriot whose life story is an epitome of the idealism of South American character. Miranda died in prison, Sucre was assassinated and Bolívar breathed his last in poverty and disappointment, crying that he had sown his seed on barren ground. Caracas never neglects these heroes; the chief plaza is that of Bolívar, the Panteon is held sacred to the mem-

ory of all three. Our own Washington, too, is venerated and remembered by a plaza; scarcely a day passes in which his statue is not decorated by fresh flowers from some silent admirer, and every celebration within the capital begins and ends with a tribute to liberty.

But Venezuelan liberty does not mean our kind of liberty. I have heard Germans declare that the United States was the worst form of despotism, and as we resent such judgments passed upon us from a prejudiced and undemocratic perspective, so our southern neighbors are inclined to object to our criticism when we rub it in too hard. Any one who recalls the outburst of joy with which the inhabitants of Caracas welcomed the Guiana boundary proclamation of President Cleveland must ac-

knowledge that originally they had faith in us, but I am not sure that since then their opinions have not changed, and I am not sure either but that they have reason on their side. We have not given Caracas great cause for respect; some of our diplomatic representatives have been men unworthy of us, unable to grasp the complexities of the Latin character, and in some instances not only have they been undignified, but they have permitted themselves to become so infected with the smell of commercialism that no amount of diplomatic perfume could conceal it. It is not the question whether or not any minister was criminally involved; the chief concern is that our ministers acted so contrarily to the usages of diplomatic intercourse that they shocked the sensibilities of a people as punctilious as any on earth. If they have escaped contamination, they have lacked finesse, which in the eyes of the Latin is worse than a crime. Therefore, it is with sincere enthusiasm that I add here my testimony to the worth of our present minister to Venezuela, Mr. W. W. Russell. All honor and credit are due him for his faithful support of every step our government takes and for the tactful manner in which he has guided us successfully through many difficult passages. Mr. Russell commands Venezuela's respect; if it were not for him we might easily be distrusted or despised.

And why should they not despise many of the vices committed in the name of journalism or business? Our tobacco trust has absorbed Venezuela, yet we condemn their methods of high finance here. Let us not mention the asphalt crowd; its conduct is a stench worse than the pitch lake in Trinidad. I have no new stories to tell of their misdemeanors; the old ones are enough, for if any foreign corporation misconducted itself in the United States with half the abandon of the asphalt trust in Venezuela we should demand its removal before we

chucked it out. In the newspaper field we have no better reputation. We might pardon the attacks of our press if they had an honest motive or were uttered with any serious or sincere purpose, but the average newspaper correspondent visiting Caracas would be denied entrance to the reporters' gallery in Washington. A short time ago one of our widely read weeklies offered President Castro a page for exploitation at the advertising rate of five hundred dollars; he refused, and thereafter this paper printed from its representative such unwarranted and vilifying letters that he was paid to leave the country. Two self-styled newspaper men entered Venezuela shortly afterward. They purposed to print a book on South America, and kindly suggested to the cabinet and to the president that an advance payment on the subscription would help the work along. The government did not bite, but it was bullied so that these enterprising Americans "cleaned up" one thousand four hundred dollars within a few weeks, but no one has seen the book. A New York daily, circulating the world over, dispatched a correspondent to Caracas during one of the hot times; it already had a thoroughly competent man on the ground who sent the truth and was doing all he could to support Mr. Russell; but this new man, who may have spoken Spanish, but it would seem not, stayed two weeks and then went to Curaçao, that Caribbean round-up for malcontents of South and Central America. From there he sent to his paper all the gossip, scandal and abuse he could crowd into two columns, with just enough truth to hold his report together, the result being that the good work done by the resident representative was undone, Venezuela was vilified and her efforts at reform were misinterpreted the world over. It made good "stuff," and was eagerly read by those who relish yellow journalism. The only writers who have of late given the little country

a fair chance, are an Englishman, Akers, who presents in his history of South America a calm and reflective narrative of the people and their conditions, and Richard Harding Davis, who expresses a delicate sympathy with the unprogressive land while appreciating the humor of their romance and their foibles.

Much of the unfortunate criticism of Venezuela is based on a misunderstanding of her temperament. The glib judgments passed by itinerant foreigners on the United States simply amuse us, because we are too big to be injured by them, but such judgments from us hurt in Venezuela, and the average American journalist is therefore *persona non grata*; consequently I journeyed to Caracas incognito.

If the traveler is in a hurry he will be distressed by the seeming insouciance of the people, by their leisurely habit of regarding the business of the day as fit subject for to-morrow's work, and he needs considerable penetration to find out the

reason for it, a reason which will be discovered later on. But if time is of minor importance, he may enjoy himself with glimpses of a romantic civilization fast disappearing from the world, and which is to be found only in such places as Caracas, where the tide of modern life has not yet risen high. It is a city to please the eye on account of its natural picturesqueness, and it will always possess this charm, even when, some time in the future, it becomes re-made; but today it is almost theatrical, so unreal does it seem. Here the Castilian descendant still rides into town on his jingling pony; here the ladies sit behind barred windows and listen to sweet Spanish nothings at dusk or by moonlight; business is yet done with a quill pen, and everybody, beggar or president, carries a cane. The church bells jangle the whole day through, priests are thick as strawberries, the housewife goes to market early in the morning, and her small *mozo*, who carries her basket, gets into mischief with the flower seller and



TABLET ILLUSTRATING THE MATERIAL PROGRESS UNDER PRESIDENT CASTRO
Bridge restoration, constructed during the administration of President Castro, 1904



PRESIDENT CASTRO

the donkey driver. Bargaining and haggling are the rules of trade; there is scarcely a "fixed price" in all the country except for railway tickets and postage stamps; the street hawkers sell saints or candy, music or lottery tickets, and the beggar prays for alms in the good old Catholic way. Letter writers for the unlearned are occasionally seen with their little desks at the corner; the ladies still go to mass in *mantillas*; members of a bull fighting *cuadrilla* lounge in favorite cafés with their *monteras* and *coletas*, such as they wore a century ago. You forget the electric light in the street while fitting to the

trolley car. Life runs smoothly enough, and if there are few modern improvements there are also few modern irritations. For instance, the sweltering slums of our larger cities have no counterpart, and the day laborer, when he puts on his holiday attire, is as independent a democrat as the *caballero*, and to shake hands with you or to borrow a light from your cigarette destroys neither his dignity nor yours. Poverty there may be in plenty, when crops are bad and politics worse, but seldom do you hear of misery, that state of society in which work is abundant while workmen are starving for bread; if there is hunger, it may be taken for granted that there is not enough food to nourish the unfortunates.

Any one so lucky as to have an introduction to the aristocracy of the land will be delighted at the hospitality and the culture of the upper class. In the country will be found the simple life, which is quite as fascinating as those who write about it would have us believe, and in the city society is as gentle and refined as that of most of the capitals of the old world or of the new. The stranger is made to feel at home in a few minutes; he need not fear that a lack of Spanish will be a hindrance, because the chances are that some one, wherever he may be, can speak English, French or German, and without doubt he will discover that art, letters, music and manners are as thoroughly appreciated here as elsewhere. It will be easy to meet those who have been educated in London, Paris or New York, and the five o'clock tea is as polite a function as it is in Boston.

Caracas still retains the flavor of a vanished greatness. The modern magnificence of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, the solidity of Montevideo, have



STREET SCENE IN CARACAS

door a massive key that must have been made in old Toledo when New York was a Dutch village.

It is all strange and old, and does not conform readily to the typewriter or the



THE HOUSE OF CONGRESS, CARACAS

not been attempted here, but there is a delicate adaptation of means to an end which is no less admirable. The past is that of the old New World feudalism established by the early Spanish. This savor of the past must, however, disappear as it did in our South before the leveling influences of industrial life; but the Venezuelans, the Caraqueños, have not yet comprehended the changes that are sweeping over the earth. They are still a pastoral folk, looking back to the time when the city was the luxurious capital of a rich agricultural nation, and when coffee was a better paying investment than a gold mine. Coffee was introduced into Venezuela in 1784, having twenty years the start of Brazil, and the business flourished as did tobacco in Virginia or sugar in Louisiana. Every-

body was rich; during our civil war the gutters in Venezuela ran gold, if one may believe all one hears, and about that time began the beautification of Caracas. Probably to Guzman Blanco is due the credit, for he was an ambitious man, and while he was president in fact or in name for twenty years, he did not cease to improve the city.

It is this greatness which to-day is lost, but the elements are still there, and a wiser generation may restore it. To be sure the cathedral dates back to the sixteenth century, but the city is by no means so old; the university building is fine architecturally, and its lines demand attention from any point of view; the Vargas hospital is so well situated and built, and its surroundings so attractive and hygienic, that it might be a pattern

for our cities. The opera house, like those in Latin America elsewhere, belongs to the municipality, and is fully equal to the royal opera in Madrid. The capitol is not imposing, but its interior is handsomely decorated, and the courtyard is a lovely garden. The "Yellow House," in which half the tragedies or comedies of the nation have been played, is to-day the city court-house, the president's official home having been removed to Miraflores, coolly appropriated by the state as more suitable for that high dignitary than for a private residence. The hill of Calvario has what was once a beautiful park, and the outlook from its summit is superb, but the walks are grass grown, the statues moldy, and over all is the mark of decay.

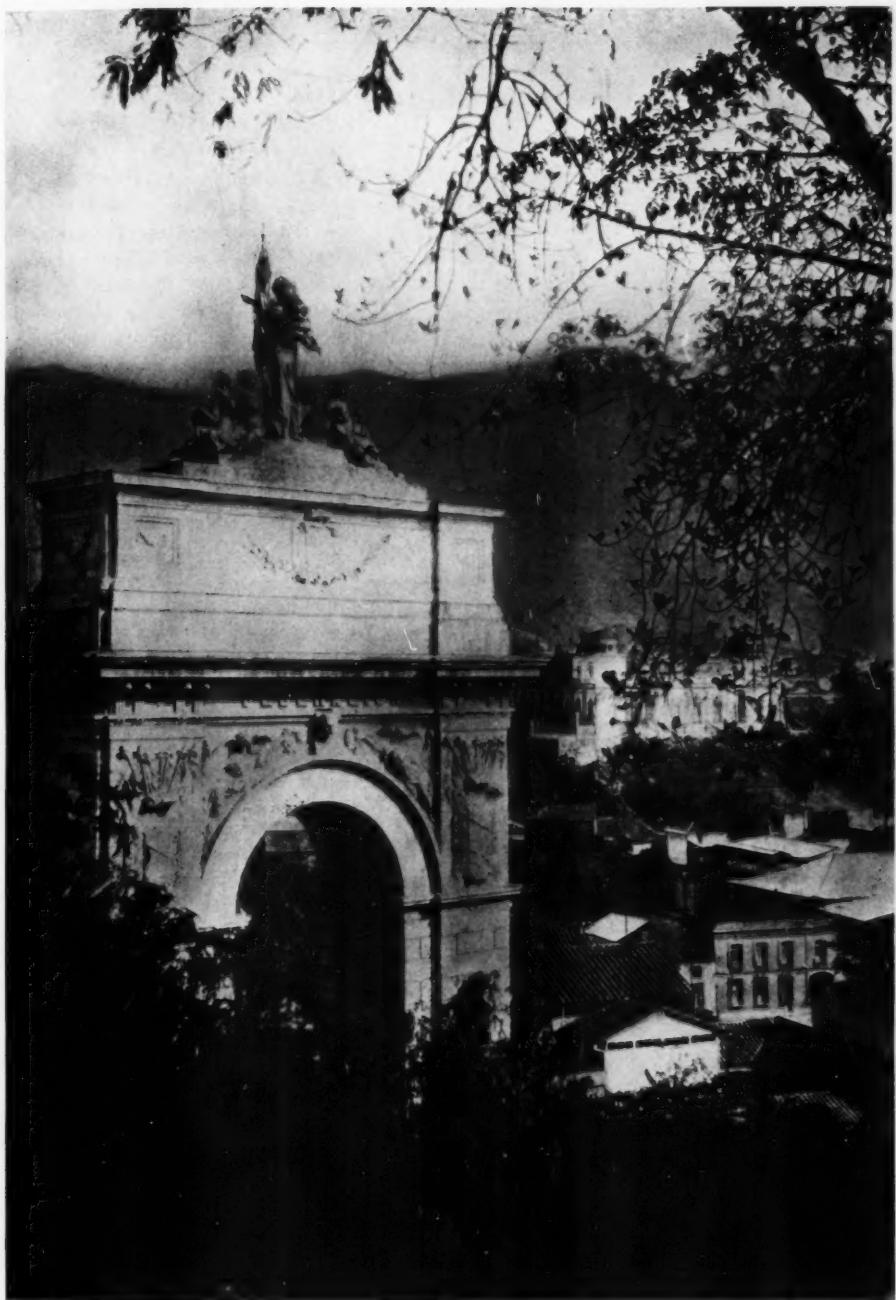
This is the saddening feature of the city in general. Where decay is not the actual condition, there is an air of unprogressiveness equally distressing. Caracas shows no filth or squalor, no back streets reeking with slime; the Latin can not tolerate ugliness; but the feeling is that things have stopped, waiting for some impulse to overcome the inertia before they breathe with life again. The streets are paved, but with stone or concrete; the country that produces asphalt enough to pave the world is too poor to pave more than a mile of the thoroughfares of her own capital; where water power can be had for the asking, the cars are still drawn by little horses, and, although gossip is busy with projects to electricize everything, pride is expressed in declaring that a car has two horses instead of one. Gas is obtainable at a high price, but in the majority of the houses a lamp or a candle is the illumination. House after house shows a "to rent" sign, and a population reckoned in 1900 at one hundred thousand is to-day flatteringly stated to be sixty thousand.

Poor Venezuela, poor Caracas! Poor both in purse and in enterprise. I have yet to meet a man, no matter how un-

imaginative, who was not fascinated at first by the charm, the beauty, the promise of this land; yet if this man tried to "get busy" in the ways of the ordinary commercial world, he would partly or wholly fail in his object and probably leave the country, discouraged, sometimes cursing the people and everything within reach.

Just one word explains the situation, and that word is politics. The Venezuelans seem unable to learn that true liberty implies responsibility. They interpret any governmental interference as oppression, and against oppression they would rather fight than gather their crops. Even to-day they are an unconquerable people, and if overwhelmed by a stronger force, they would scatter to the mountains of the interior, where they would keep up a predatory warfare till they died or became obliterated, but they would never be conquered as were the native tribes before them. Their spirit is not unlike that of the Boers in South Africa, although not so rugged. As the country developed her natural riches, in the times of coffee prosperity, the people were keenly alive to the pleasures of ready money easily collected and easily spent; but, as had been the custom of their Spanish forefathers, the machinery to gather taxes was also engaged in converting the resources of the treasury into spoils. It is a theme that might be elaborated, this devotion to an ideal of personal liberty coupled to an unscrupulous disregard of political thievery.

In 1830 Venezuela obtained from Spain final recognition of her independence, and since that date she has had fifty-two revolutions. One of the accepted conditions under the constitution is that no land can be confiscated for political treason, and consequently many conspirators against the government have been or are in exile, although they or their families continue to draw incomes from estates and landed property.



THE ARCH OF FEDERATION AND VICTORY AT CARACAS

"Miraflores," President Castro's residence, in the middle distance, at the foot of the mountains which encircle the city

The family of Guzman Blanco is to-day in good standing and rich, having retained the investments President Guzman Blanco made from loot of the treas-



THE UNIVERSITY AT CARACAS

ury. Blanco is typical of the only force capable of exercising continuous control in Venezuela; he rose to power through the army, and for twenty years, with or without the army, he retained it. The nation flourished; foreign money came into the country; it was an era of railway construction or project, and peace lasted extraordinarily long; but since Blanco's death peace has scarcely raised her head. For a few months in the nineties Crespo seemed able to manage things, helping himself meanwhile, but he was assassinated, and the cry of liberty began over again.

Within late years there has grown into larger proportions a feeling of antagonism to the foreigner. This may or may not be due to intrigues between dictator presidents and foreign bondholders; it may be partly ascribed to an irritating belief that in some cases the foreigner is getting the best of the bargain. Certainly it is due, and in two or three cases with warrant, to a sus-

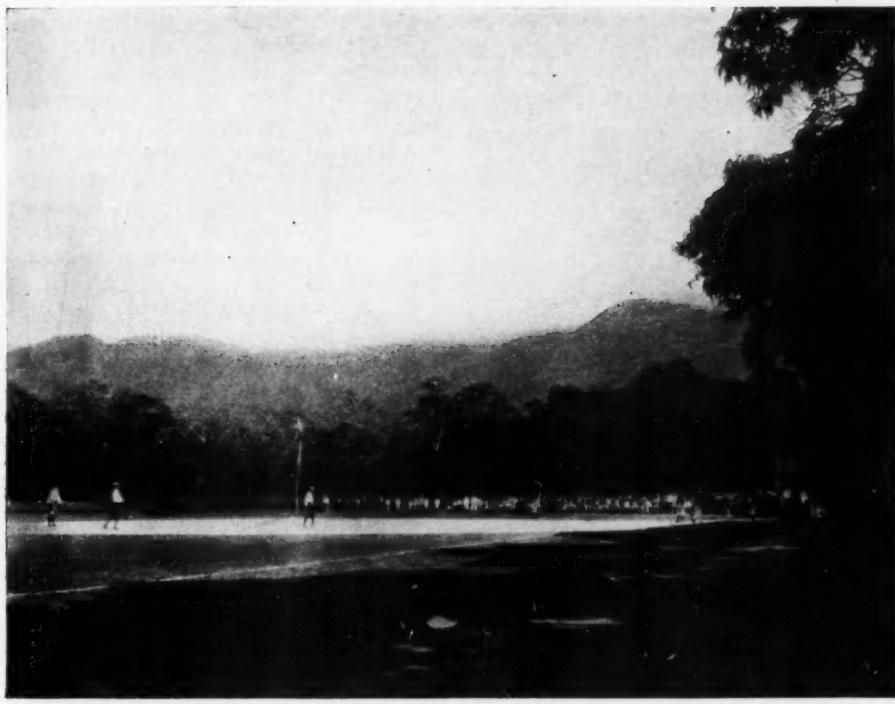
picion that the foreigner was deeper in the graft than the native, and that foreign money had fancied itself so powerful as to dare to say whether or not a president should hold office, or whether or not a leader of a revolution should be successful. This feeling had its counterpart among the foreigners, who, sometimes with justice, sometimes without, feared that they were not getting their rights or what they had contracted for, and that in addition to managing their business it was necessary to take a more active share in the actual government than custom or international usage had hitherto deemed wise. The situation finds its analogy in Turkey, and to some extent in Egypt before the English occupation.

Venezuela, therefore, besides her internal disturbances to which she is accustomed, has an increasing number of international complications which have made both the *Venezolanos* and foreigners raw. It is quite true that Venezuela



TYPES OF THE VENEZUELAN ARMY

has a bad name as unwilling or unable to pay her debts; it is relatively true also that had she been a big nation, or a nation able to appeal to an unbiased inter-



PLAY BALL!

Caracas is rapidly giving up bullfighting in favor of American baseball, so that on any Sunday morning one may attend an exciting match of our national game, with all society in the stands, while the cries of "out," "two strikes" or "home run," sound both strange and familiar to his ears.

national judgment, her claims would have obtained better recognition. The results of the Hague decision on the Guiana boundary dispute seem favorable to her, while the publicity given to claims of England, Germany and Italy does not altogether place her in the wrong. If the French cable dispute ever receives the same publicity, it will surely show that the present Venezuelan government deserves the sympathy and support of those who have so readily condemned her.

This present government is, gauged by our own standards, the government of a usurper and a dictator; gauged by the almost legitimatized standards of the country itself, it is—ignoring the means by which it reached power—decidedly higher, better and more industrious than

any for nearly a generation. The constitution under which the nation is now conducted differs in many essential details from our own; the president is not elected by popular vote, but by the congress, holds office for six years, and is not eligible for reëlection. Freedom of worship is denied, immigration is discouraged, travel about the country is restricted; corporations, which must all be national—that is, Venezuelan—must submit all subjects of dispute to national tribunals. Constitutionally the president is granted extraordinary authority, and even if he conducted the affairs of the nation without exceeding the powers legally delegated him, he would be a very powerful ruler. And Venezuela needs a strong executive. Intellectual statesmanship could not hold the country

for a week; military statesmanship is absolutely necessary to secure and to maintain peace. Such a man as Andrew Jackson might lead her into prosperity,



THE RUINS OF BOLÍVAR'S COUNTRY HOME
NEAR LA VICTORIA

but the sword must be in one hand, no matter where the pen is. On paper this new constitution, which dates from April, 1904, has novel clauses for international relations, showing that the country is suspicious of the big outside world, and will declare for isolation even if it can not be perpetuated.

But in reality such isolation is so contrary to the spirit of the age, so much more impossible to-day than it was forty years ago, that no amount of constitutional enactment can reserve to the nation these beautiful valleys much longer. At present foreign muscle and foreign money have no chance in Venezuela. This is not because the peasant class has race antipathies; they are gentle and would welcome any means that would lift them into a more active state; it is not because the merchant class is afraid that the foreigner will steal the business; on the contrary, the manufacturing and commercial interests would gladly do anything to induce real money and real brains to help develop the resources; but it is because of politics.

At the apex of this structure is the provisional and constitutional president, General Cipriano Castro. He came from

a little village at the foot of the Andes, and, with only a good common school education and no training, rose by the sword eight years ago to become the enigma of South America. Castro is not the ignorant, lazy, conscienceless bully so readily pictured by those to whom the language of abuse and irony comes easier than that of historical accuracy. He is a patriot actuated by as lofty enthusiasms as many of us possess. He is a dictator, but also a democrat, not surrounding himself by a bodyguard of detectives, but going about openly in town or country, an exposed target for the assassin. His private life to us is scandalous, but he was brought up in a society whose standard of morals is not our own. He is a student, a hard worker, an enterprising man, with an apparent eagerness to rescue his country.

The greatest accusation brought against him by his enemies, both political and journalistic, is that he is an arch-graftor. His greatest offense is that he parcels out concessions and contracts to his friends, and that he has no hesitation in squeezing foreign corporations, openly. He is as active in his attention to business as Mr. Roosevelt or Emperor William, and, from the South American point of view, as strenuous. The question is not whether he is the best man you or I could pick for the place, but whether Venezuela can elect or accept a president of another character, and the answer is emphatically, No. Without the military prestige and direction of Castro Venezuela would tumble to pieces and another revolution enrich the few and impoverish the many. It is marvelous how the personality of Castro dominates all thought and expression concerning the country; his figure and his conduct lend themselves to cartoon, yet the man himself is seldom touched on or seriously examined.

Castro is a little man, with a round head in which alert eyes are steadily at work. He has received the nickname of

"der Affe" (the ape) from the Germans, not because of any mental characteristic, but from his awkward gait, due to an accident in 1900; this stiffness is particularly noticeable when he dances, which he does to his own great delight, but to the silent discomfort of his partner. Dancing is a serious performance with Castro, and he will dance at a state ball with the same vigor he gives to the more informal festivities in the country. If he appears grotesque at a dance, however, and limps when walking, he loses all semblance of awkwardness when on his horse, for he rides with the grace of a cavalryman. What may be his ambitions no one seems accurately to know; he works diligently and to a purpose, and has accomplished results which for fifteen years seemed unattainable. For instance, he has paid some debts back to the time of Bolívar, he has adjusted the treasury accounts so that bookkeeping is not a mystery, he has trained the one-time ragged and slouchy army of ten thousand men so that it presents some semblance to a civilized troop, and he has compelled the statistical bureau to publish a volume of information that can compare with anything in South America, outside of Argentina. His desire for public improvements is hardly less than that of Guzman Blanco, so that Castro bridges and barracks greet one at every turn; he had the nation appropriate ten thousand dollars for the pay of an Italian opera company which toured the cities from Caracas to Puerto Cabello, and the little navy of seven vessels has assumed form under his guidance. Those who assert that Castro is only a notoriety hunter and a treasury thief may have proof, but they do not produce it. *Pan y toros* (bread and games) is their cry, which may be true, but it is not completely demonstrable.

Castro has undoubtedly destroyed the freedom of speech, and no newspaper which would print attacks on the government policy could live a day within

the nation; no spoken criticism against the government is uttered aloud, and announcement is posted in the railway station that politics must not be discussed within station confines; therefore, it is difficult to obtain a frank opinion on his conduct or his motives, yet within the past year the bitterness against him has in large measure given place to a hope and to an earnest conviction that Castro is seriously patriotic. This is not a popular view in the United States, but it is worth attention. I have talked to prominent men in Caracas, La Victoria, Maracai, Valencia and Puerto Cabello, when they were sure that the conversation would not be reported; English, Germans, French and Venezuelans have contributed their impressions, which all begin with peace and end with Castro.

"Why does not your country grow?" I asked one man whose ambitions had been thwarted and fortune lost because of the nation's unrest.



EVERYBODY, BEGGER OR PRESIDENT, CARRIES
A CANE

"Because we have no firm government," he replied. "We must have immigration of working people and of capital to set wheels in motion. Not one real

settler has come to our beautiful land within these six years; we must have foreign colonists and money; the country is impoverished and industry par-



THE LADIES SIT BEHIND BARRED WINDOWS

alyzed because of our revolutions, yet another war will help nothing. Once let the outside world be convinced of permanent peace, and we shall grow rich again. Castro encourages us; he may be guilty of all the vices of which he is accused, but he is strong, and only such strength, added to outside influence, can save us."

In another city I met a civil engineer who had worked in Guzman Blanco's time, when railroads were building. He knew the country from one end to the other, and loved it. "Last year," he said, "I planned to go to Mexico. My heart was broken at the conditions here; but now we have peace; I can see prosperity ahead if only Castro remains in power. I at first hated the man, but I begin to respect him now. He pays his debts; he is ambitious and has modern views. If only you Americans brought some of your energy here and then helped us to obey the law, it would not take long before all this valley would be a garden."

One *haciendado* (ranch owner), at whose farm I was invited to stay, was more outspoken. He had been to Chicago for the exposition of 1893. "Why don't you Americans come here?" he asked. "We are not afraid of you; we do not hate you; but many of us who have property at stake would welcome some sort of relationship between us, such as you propose to take toward Santo Domingo, for instance, which would secure peace. Without this I fear we can not hold together. You take thirty-five per cent. of our exports, more than any other purchaser; you send us thirty-five per cent. of our imports, more even than England, and the time will come when some nation must intervene to keep the peace. Castro can not do it; no Venezuelan can. All we ask is that some one strong enough compel us to govern ourselves according to law; then we can recover our self-respect."

I might go on with other opinions, but



THE "INDIA"
Famous café in Venezuelan politics and society

they all convey the same idea: Castro, peace, or intervention. England has, at a modest computation, twenty million dollars invested in Venezuela, and holds a



THE BUSY MARKET PLACE



STATUE OF BOLIVAR, CARACAS

goodly share of her debt of almost fifty million dollars. Germany has the same amount invested in railways and industrials. France and Italy have well-supported claims and investments. Nothing but peace will pay these debts, which will as surely become due and must as surely in some way be collected as the treasury notes of the United States. The citizens of the United States have only commercial investments in Venezuela, but they must be given opportunity to thrive or to retire without great loss. The vital question for this nation, therefore, blessed with such magnificent natural advantages and cursed with such

unruly human elements, relates to the control of her future.

There are only three solutions to the problem, because it is improbable that another half century can slip by and see Venezuela unoccupied, or that she can continue the present policy of exclusion. We may say that our experience in Cuba and the Philippines has taught us not to interfere outside our own territory, and that therefore Venezuela must govern herself or, if needs be, fall into the hands of European aggressors. We may perpetuate our present policy of indetermination, and while giving Venezuela but little moral support, refuse to allow

Europe to dictate how these fruitful acres may be put to productive use. Or we may assert a dominating influence in the Caribbean, and if Venezuela can not or will not under our guidance conduct herself according to the laws of modern nations, say to her, "You have abused your opportunities; neither dictator nor constitution has availed. It is our duty

to help or to compel you to live in peace." Only such a man as Castro can meet, avert or conquer the emergency. The American people should try to understand the dilemma confronting unhappy Venezuela, for sooner or later the government of the United States will be called on to answer the perplexing question.

The significant paragraph, "We as a nation must think of some things in addition to trade in South American waters. Germans give excellent wares at a moderate price, but they always carry with them good samples of imperialistic wool. We may do as well as they in spreading before South American consumers the product of our looms, but we should be very careful that we always have prepared a strong democratic warp, even if suspended from gunboats to sustain the impact of the old world shuttle," is one of the twenty significant paragraphs in Mr. Hale's article on "The Germans in South America" which will be published in the May READER. In it Mr. Hale throws important light upon a subject of grave interest to all North Americans.

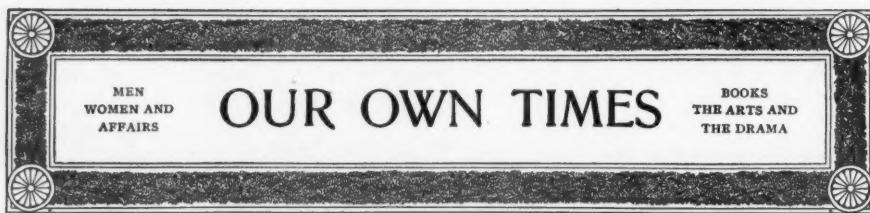
THE TREMBLING POPLARS

BY SUZANNE LEBEAU

Have you seen the poplars quiver
In the evening by the river,
Where the torch of twilight glances,
And the twilight wind is cool?
Where the fireflies beside them
Hail the high stars and deride them
Till the high stars cast their lances
Of reflection in the pool?

There the rushes lean and listen
To the silver leaves that glisten
As they toll their knell unceasing
Up and down the lonely shore,
And the waters grieve at gloaming
When they hear the wild birds homing,
For the poplars find releasing
From their vigils nevermore.

Oh, and if the night be dreary,
Still the poplars may not weary;
Though the wind should sleep forever
And the waves forget its loss,—
Though the stars be quenched to-morrow,
Still the poplars in their sorrow
May forget, oh, never, never,
Him who bore the poplar cross.



THESE are days when the magazine illustrator supplements the placid craft of the studios with an adventuresome spirit of out-of-door investigation which carries him into many a hazardous situation. Mr. Arthur Heming, for instance, has spent a large part of his time for more than fifteen years past in living with the Indians of the Canadian Northwest, sharing their hardships and gaining a first-hand knowledge of their lives. No less striking example of the active scientific spirit of the modern illustrator is told of W. W. Denslow, author of the famous "Wizard of Oz" books, in a letter to *THE READER* from Mr. Denslow's personal friend, Mr. C. Arnold Kruckman. Denslow has bought himself an entire island for a winter home in the coral-cinctured Bermudas, near the city of Hamilton. At North Rock, near the island, says Mr. Kruckman, is the place where Denslow went down beneath the surface of the bay "in order to get those wonderful submarine effects that you see in the 'Davy Jones' Locker' setting in the stage version of 'The Pearl and the Pumpkin.' Thirty feet under the water did he go, and the rocks, the vegetation and the wrecks are almost an exact

reproduction as he saw them when he was down there. In order to get the proper coloring he painted while swaying in a small boat, his helpers holding water glasses over the surface to prevent ripples. If you could see the ordinary tempestuous state of the water at this spot and the dangerous formation of the reefs you would understand why it was such a hazardous undertaking."

The successful artist nowadays finds it well worth his while to leave his studio and study at first-hand a world that is "full of a number of things."

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's message advocating the retention of the coal lands of the government and their leasing under royalty can be opposed by but two classes of mind—those who look upon the possession of lands by the government as socialistic, and to be terminated as soon as possible, and those who see in them a source of unearned private profit. The average man will accept neither view. If our national domain had been kept intact and leased under periodical readjustment of rental, there is every reason to believe that the actual working agriculturists of the Mississippi Valley would have been better off than they now are. We should not have seen the lands gradually passing into the control of the dwellers in the towns and cities. We should have seen no booms in land. We



DENSLOW MAKING SKETCHES OUT OF DOORS FOR "THE PEARL AND THE PUMPKIN"

should have seen fewer and less acute financial crises. The enormous increment of values in lands would have gone into the public treasury instead of into the estates of land-owners. The revenues of the government would have been so great from this source alone, perhaps, as to have rendered other taxation unnecessary. Such a condition of things is now, of course, out of the realm of the possible and in the land of Might-Have-Been forever. But, so far as the lands still held, and they are very important, the plan is not only possible but reasonable; and President Roosevelt is statesmanlike in asking for its application to coal lands, and, to an extent, to forest reserves and stock ranges.

IN several of the books brought forth this season bearing upon the Nearer East, mention has been made of the unrest of the people, their dissatisfaction with their lack of popular representation, and their desire to put themselves in line with the constitutional countries. At any cost, they desire to throw off the yoke of Turkey and of Russia, and the more aggressive and patriotic spirits among them are assiduous in conspiracy. It is difficult, however, for the complaisant Occidental in his established, if faulty, democracy, to realize that the time is approaching when the East is to struggle up out of its long dream, with pain immeasurable, and to array itself with the definite, active, advancing thought of the time. Yet to this fact Persia, with her year-old constitution, is bearing witness. Mohammed Ali Mirza, the newly-crowned Shah, would not have reached the throne at all if the Persians had had their way. It was Russian intercession that put him there, Russia seeing in his sensual and dull nature better material for her purposes than was to be found in his alert, educated and patriotic half-brother, Shoa-es-Saltaneh. But once upon the throne the young Shah has been obliged to justify himself by conceding to the people that the demands embodied in the popular constitution should be granted. It really is amazing to think of Persia with a constitution! Persia's assembly in all-night session demanding of the Shah—the "Light of the World," the "Shadow of God on Earth"—his abdication or his concession to constitutional demands! Such a spectacle would not

have been unworthy of that awakened England, which, in the twelfth century, with new-born courage and hope, proclaimed the universal rights of man and set a seal



Photograph copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE NEW SHAH OF PERSIA
From a recent photograph at Teheran

on despotism. But the germs of self-assertion always were in the Saxons, in the Normans and in the Danes. It is even more creditable when Persia, besotted with tradition; Persia, hung about like one of her housed women with foolish weight of an-

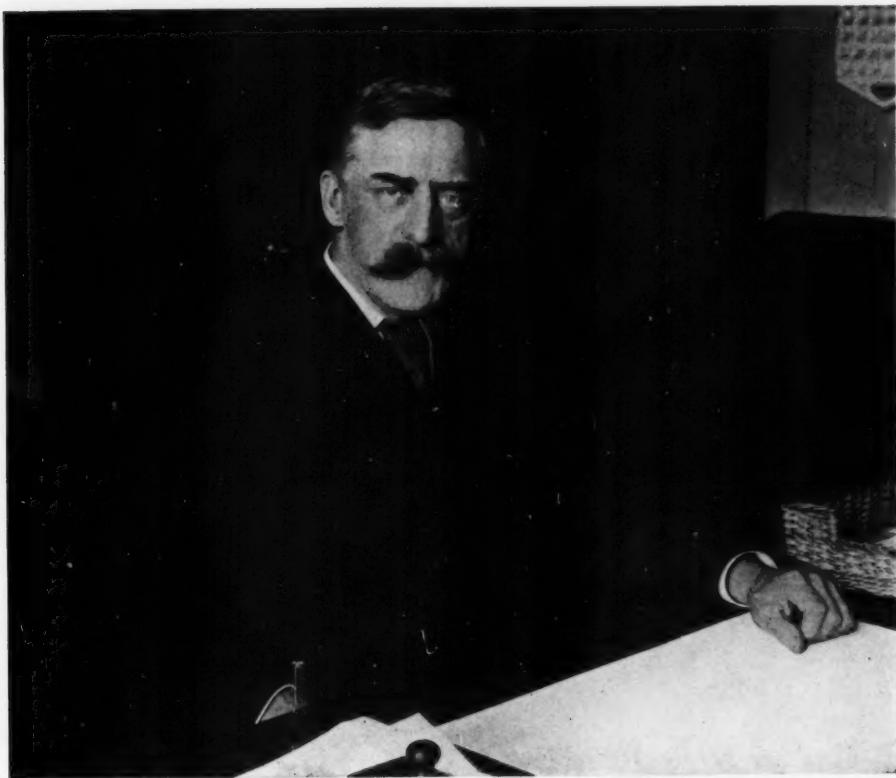
cient customs and superstitions, deterrent estheticism and sensuality, bestirs herself to freedom, setting herself an honest and an arduous task. May the wind of the morning refresh her! May springs of cold water flow for her! May her dreams of liberty be as stars that shine above her in the sky! So might some young poet of Persia, weary of his rose garden themes, express himself, finding a new and stirring theme for that ancient pen handed down to him by centuries of dreamers and beauty-lovers. There is a story told of a lost garden of roses and palms beautiful beyond words planted in the Sahara desert by a long dead king. Now and then—once in ten generations—some camel driver, searching for his lost beast, glimpses this thrice fair garden, and ever afterward, through all the burden of his heavy days, in dreams cools his hot head at its whispering fountains and watches the scarlet sunsets beneath its visioned trees. The lost garden is, perhaps, the dream of liberty, seen long since, and glimpsed now and then by one most fortunate. Now, perchance, it is regained, and that desert of despotism in whose arid waste the people often wandered is losing the terrors because now there is a place for rest—a garden in which wholesome things grow.

AT the hearing before the Senate Committee on Agriculture at Washington, Mr. Bell, a Wyoming stockman, made the statement that it is too strong a test of official integrity for one man to have control of the leasing of four hundred million acres of government range land. This raises an important question in governmental science. Many will be inclined to agree with Mr. Bell, and to favor some scheme for diminishing temptation by dividing responsibility. Such a policy is futile. The man who has the sole responsibility is for that reason under less temptation to corruption. He is in the limelight, and hears always in his ear the "thou-art-the-man" of public criticism. A good way to stamp out official corruption is to localize the disease in a single person and treat with the X-ray of publicity. This principle will repay the examination of those interested in state and municipal politics, as well as in the handling of government lands. It may give some people an uneasy feeling to have one man control the

leasing of four hundred million acres of land. Such enormous concentration of responsibility, however, is one of the conditions arising from the existence of a nation controlling two billion three hundred and ninety-eight million nine hundred and forty-two thousand nine hundred and sixty acres of this earth's surface. He who trembles at it should remove to Andorra.

DOCTOR Meslier, of France, has published figures showing that in Europe and Australasia from 1881 to 1903, there was a decline in the birth rate of nearly twenty per cent. The inference is that the Caucasian race, at least, is dying out. That there are still one billion four hundred eighty-seven million nine hundred thousand people on earth is of small significance as against a birth rate which shrinks twenty per cent. in twenty-two years. After a century Doctor Malthus, of Scotland, is answered by Doctor Meslier, of France. Malthus's investigations do not appear to have been as searching as those of Meslier; yet on them was founded his doctrine of increasing population, with its corollaries of the necessity of war, pestilence and famine, which ruled politico-economic thought for generations. Meslier's doctrine will not so profoundly affect thought as did Malthus's; yet no one can deny the importance of the fact which he seems to prove—that the greatest race of the world, its ruling race, is waning in fecundity. We may expect the census returns in the United States to yield on analysis results similar to those of the rest of the white man's world. President Roosevelt will, no doubt, lecture the world upon this in due season.

The fact is, after all is said upon "race suicide," that the birth rate decreases with the spread of intelligence. The inhibitory faculties take the place of primordial instinct, and the large family becomes the rare exception. Annie Besant, years ago, was imprisoned for teaching to English working women the things for which our president blames Americans. Annie Besant believed in the Malthusian doctrine, and saw the misery of large families in modern society. Herbert Spencer pointed out the necessity of an ultimate equilibrium of births and deaths as inevitable and indispensable to racial well being. Henry George ex-



Photograph copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

STUYVESANT FISH

According to the newspapers, the battle between Fish and Harriman, which resulted in the deposition of the former from the presidency of one of the large middle-western railroad systems, was brought about by bitter social rivalry between Mrs. Fish and the wife and daughters of Mr. Harriman.

ploded the Malthusian doctrine as a cause of any poverty which has as yet existed, but failed to show good reason to doubt that the tendency of population is to outrun production. George merely asserted the fact that in man's mentality is to be found the field of development which somehow will check the racial tendency possessed by him in common with the brute and plant, to multiply to the limit of subsistence. Doctor Meslier's essay seems to show that in the Caucasian races this mental development has already reached the point at which its power as a check upon population is becoming manifest to the statistician.

The check is effective only as intellect is developed. Thus we face the fact that the most perfectly developed individuals and

races fail to perpetuate themselves. As an earth problem, this militates against the educated and civilized, and for the embruted and primordial. Probably this is the view of the matter which has elicited from Mr. Roosevelt his utterances on this subject which have instructed and amused the world. There would seem to be only one course for the race to pursue if the civilized and intellectual races are to hold their own, and that is so to spread the culture and freedom which make men mentally strong that the decrease in fecundity which goes with increase in intelligence may operate on all peoples alike. That anything will be accomplished by advice or admonition directed against a tendency so deeply founded in biological law seems highly improbable.

A GREAT deal of sympathy is being expressed for the venerable Mrs. Russell Sage, who is entrusted with the task of wisely disbursing an almost immeasurable fortune. Her difficulties are indeed many. She has, to begin with, but a few years in which to work, and her life will, it is not

might leave a heritage of delight to unborn thousands; nor is she sufficiently in touch with those mystic features of Christianity which would make her give magnificently to the unworthy.

"And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive," says St. Luke, "what thank have ye? For sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for he is kind unto the unthankful and the evil."

Protestantism, with its reasonableness, its absence of mysticism, its austere and dull sanity, has restrained the impulses of the benevolent and set them upon that tedious search for the "worthy," and such scruples may well stultify the actions of discreet and careful givers such as Mrs. Sage.

With a benefactor such as the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts it was different. Born in a richer civilization, accustomed to the tragic dramas of the London streets, which had countless times been interpreted to her by that great master in the humanities, Charles Dickens, she was more concerned with the passion and pain of the race than with the propriety and deservingness of individuals and institutions. She perceived, now vaguely and now clearly, by sympathy and flashes of comprehension, the immemorial breakage and disarrangement of law that cause wrong-doing and degeneracy. She knew that it is impossible, looking upon our modern sociological chaos, to differentiate between the victim and the culprit. She even perceived that it is possible for the culprit to be century-old dust, and for countless victims to be born to an inheritance of poverty of brain, body and purse.

These generous and patriarchal principles of benevolence, such as belong with long-established responsibility, are not yet a part of our ethical property. We remain too individualistic, too inexperienced, too exacting, too untrained in compassion.

Mrs. Sage may well be compassionated. She is bound to take her work hard. She is



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MRS. RUSSELL SAGE

unlikely, be shortened by the heavy responsibilities placed upon her by her curious destiny. In addition to this, she is, in all probability, a woman of limited imagination. She has lived a meager life in an unattractive home, the faithful and deferential wife of a miserly man. Yet whatever her deference and obedience, she has kept her own life clear and pure and her conscience alert. Now, hampered by a scrupulous conscientiousness, she is endeavoring to do what is just and right. She desires to help the needy and the worthy. She is not sufficiently trained in the knowledge of beauty to do some splendid and prodigal thing such as

new to alms-giving. She will give by the guidance of her intelligence—her unilluminated judgment—not by "the light of the soul."

THE Bureau of Labor finds a decadence of the old-time custom of apprenticeship, boys no longer being educated in the trades they are to follow and masters no longer interesting themselves in the education of those who are to assist and some time to supersede them in the carrying on of their craft. The reasons for this have been summed up as follows:

1. Production on a large scale, which destroys the personal relations between employer and employe, or master and apprentice.

2. The extensive use of machinery and subdivision of labor.

3. The unwillingness of employers to take on apprentices.

4. The unwillingness of journeymen to instruct apprentices.

5. The dislike of boys for apprenticeship.

The bureau submits that even if the old form of apprenticeship were retained, under present conditions its value would be slight. In industries in which automatic machines and a minute subdivision of processes have come into play, small opportunity is afforded to a boy to acquire a knowledge of his trade in its various branches. Moreover, under modern conditions, a mechanic finds it more profitable to confine himself to one branch of his trade—his pecuniary reward is as great as if he understood all the processes, and the effort expended by him is much less. Only a few employés in the manufacturing industries possess a broad knowledge of the processes and branches of a whole craft, and these are usually the foremen and superintendents.

The bureau does not feel called upon to add that precisely the reason the foremen and superintendents have reached their desirable positions is because they made a point of acquainting themselves with the history of the finished product. The apprentice system may have disappeared, but something better is coming to take its place.

In the old time a boy was turned over body and soul to his master, and for seven years had but a modicum of liberty. If this system made fine workmen of some, it also broke the spirits of many. But now the responsibility rests where it should—with the parent. It is his business to see that his son, who develops mechanical ability, is educated in some of the innumerable manual or technical schools which are the concession of the educators to the spirit of the times. So many of these schools are free, or almost so, that even the poor may avail themselves of them.

Under the system of apprenticeship, it was the master, not the father, who bore the cost of the boy's support. The result often was an insufficiently nourished, homesick and sullen boy. It now behooves men to re-



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DR. CHARLES P. NEILL
United States Commissioner of Labor

fect whether they shall have ten or twelve ill-educated and poorly fed children or four or five well instructed and properly nourished ones—for the responsibility of providing for them rests, in modern times, upon the parent. But never was the outlook for the talented mechanic better than to-day.

The aspirant lives in his own home, surrounded by its influences, goes to a manual training school at the whole or partial expense of the state, finds in an ever-increasing popular desire for fine craftsmanship his inspiration, and in one of the innumerable positions awaiting the young and enthusiastic engineer or mechanic reaps such rewards as have never before in the history of the world been awarded to men of his craft.

There is, undeniably, a dark and discouraging side to mechanical work under the modern system. It can, and does, subjugate an army of sentient men to the mere force of machinery. But for the youth of ability and some opportunity, mechanics offer more to-day than under any previous system.

MR. Phelps-Stokes, that impassioned sociologist, criticizes the Young Men's Christian Association for instructing young men in business matters, such as the making of investments, banking, *et cetera*. All this is, he declares, "very distinctly contrary to the teaching of Jesus."

It may be that Mr. Phelps-Stokes is right. If the Nazarene meant the directions which He gave to individuals to be of universal application, then, unquestionably, Mr. Phelps-Stokes is right, and will have the support of such men as Count Tolstoy and the late Ernest Crosby. "Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor;" "take no thought for tomorrow;" "resist not evil, but overcome evil with good,"—these and similar teachings oppose themselves to present-day conduct as undeniably as the rule of Thibet opposed itself to the rule of the Paris Bourse or the Chicago stock market.

It may as well be admitted that while the twentieth century reveres and offers adoration to the gentle martyr of Bethlehem, it does not live by His formulæ. Civilization has taken to itself complexities and competitions as inevitable as all other forms of evolution. It is at present at the very apogee of individualism. Men like Tolstoy, the inheritor of a great fortune, protected by his efficient wife from all encounters with poverty; or like the late Henry D. Lloyd, preaching self-abnegating socialism amid the luxuries of the homes or villas provided by his wife's fine fortune; or like Mr. Phelps-Stokes, the recipient from the day of his birth of all that wealth, love and cultivation could shower

upon him, find in these sacrificial theories a peculiar and a holy beauty. They regard life not only as a fine art, but as a religious art, and one would no more deny the ethical or the esthetic beauty of their messages than one would deny the solemn magnificence of Mozart's Mass for the Dead.

But it is the reveille, not the Mass for the Dead, that starts men from their slumbers and commands them to face the duties of the day; and it is the honest ambition of common men that opposes itself to the supine philosophy of the obsolete East. To work with hand and brain, to marry, to breed, to educate the coming generation, to break and plant the new lands, mine the virgin mountains, sell, buy, exchange, create, invent—in every way facilitate the business of the world—that is what modern men are set to do.

If the Young Men's Christian Association can teach its members the difference between graft and honest investment, the distinction between looting and banking, and the contrast between piracy and fair business sailing, it will be performing a service for which the state itself may well be grateful.

Locusts and wild honey may be fit food for the dwellers in the wilderness; but the earning of pork and beans is the business of the average man. Let him be strengthened while he is young and conscientious in his resolve to follow sane and honorable business methods; and for the sake of his own happiness and the advancement of those dependent upon him, let him be instructed in the science of business.

THE death of Giosue Carducci takes from Italy the most distinguished of her contemporary poets. Born in 1836, of parents of humble estate, he has been in politics, in thought and in literature a consistent rebel. In 1848 he identified himself with the followers of Mazzini, and his passion during his long life has been to stand for what was democratic and essential, both in life and literature. He was a pagan to the core of him, and the virtues he advocated were the pagan virtues. The ancient classic writers formed his thought and his style, and their mantle seemed, indeed, to have fallen upon his shoulders. *Alle Fonti del Clitunno* is counted one of the most beautiful evocations of antiquity in modern literature; but his most typical performance was

the "*Odi Barbare*," of which there were three series. His political courage brought him the senatorship; his literary knowledge—gained under difficulties—made him for many years the revered chief of Italian literature at Bologna. Pedantry has never marred the quality of his vigorous poetry, nor sectionalism restricted his usefulness as a political leader. His mind was broad, inclusive and forward-looking.

THE withdrawal from the Metropolitan Opera House of "*Salome*" is an incident of no little significance, demonstrating as it does the conviction of the American people that ethics are more than art, and that beauty in monstrous form fails to make its appeal to people who wish to keep undefiled the chambers of their own minds and to protect the community against evil influences. A professor in the University of Chicago maintains that the attitude of the American public is merely one of those Philistine frenzies into which the non-artistic public is plunged now and again, and that the objection is temporary. Art, like truth, he feels, can not be extinguished. It must live forever and assert itself over all ignorances, prejudices and persecutions. On the other hand, so staunch a defender of art and advancement as W. J. Henderson of the New York *Sun* fulminates against it in his own picturesque and epigrammatic fashion. He considers it unspeakable, unthinkable to decent moderns, nauseating and inconsistent with art. Putting decency quite aside—since the defenders of art for art's sake feel so keen an objection to the consideration of it—the question well may be asked, Is "*Salome*" indeed art? There are very few ideas devised by man so offensive that they can not be endured by the mentally courageous, but there is one idea so hideous, so sacrilegious, so fundamentally abhorrent, that only those robust and horror-loving ancients could tolerate it—and that is any association between lasciviousness and death. This idea is the one for which Oscar Wilde, giving one last sinister flavor to that evil draught of life which he brewed for himself, employed in "*Salome*," taking it from an antique tale that had its place in the savage boyhood of the race. To this Strauss, ever sinking lower and lower in that musical realism which threatens to undermine his

excellent powers, has devised appropriate music. Now art has distinct functions, and the tests have been known since before the days of Aristotle. They are felt even by those who have no schooling, for they have their reason for being in the emotions. These tests are simple of application. Does "*Salome*" delight? Does it awe? Does it purge and purify the soul? The answer is that it merely nauseates. Like "*Titus Andronicus*" and Keats' "*Pot of Basil*" it presents an idea which we of the present day find insupportable. Life at its worst we will contemplate if the advocates of art for art's sake insist; but death is wrapped in its own austerity, its own sacredness and mystery. The modern can not support degrading thoughts in connection with it.

Art is the reflection of life; and life has its immoralities and obscenities. Moreover, it has its diseases. If art reflects these it becomes immoral, obscene, diseased. Life can not thoroughly purge itself of these; but art has the power of reflection. In art, as in all things, man has the perilous gift of free will; and the gift has its responsibilities. He who is diseased, obscene, immoral, will have his art—and it must submit to quarantine regulations.

JOSEPH Weldon Bailey, of Texas, has been caught in the machinery of exposure. His life is thought to have been saved, but he returns to Washington a hopeless cripple. He will never do another day's work in the service in which he enlisted long ago when he was young and innocent of the evening coat and the oleaginous influences of 26 Broadway. From the lack of candor, the evidence of deviousness, and the artful dodging which have characterized his fight for the retention of his seat in the Senate, one is impressed with the belief that he must have gone into politics in the first place with the sole object of making money. Having made it, the wonder is that he did not quit when his system of play became known. He can scarcely expect that his influence on any matter in the future will be regarded as worth anything by the captains of industry. With all his intellectual power, he is a political bankrupt. To be sure, he has six years within which the arts of demagogery may be used to restore the hoodwink to the popular eye. The problem really becomes

one, after all, of the waxing or waning in Texas of the power of the ideas of such men as Bryan, Roosevelt, Folk, La Follette and the progressives. It seems scarcely possible that the rising tide of political progress can ebb in six years so as to leave such bulks as Bailey aground in their snug political harbors. Still, no one can tell. Such, doubtless, is Mr. Bailey's way of thinking. In the meantime the best opinion would seem to be that Mr. Bailey is a political derelict and a hopeless cripple, and that his day for useful work is over. His case emphasizes the political wisdom of Bryan in the Sullivan matter and the existence of new standards of business conduct for public men.

FERDINAND Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and critic of unalterable standards, was called by death suddenly in the early part of the month of December. He was one of those unusual men whose thoughts come to them in seemly



FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

array, like a battalion of armed men ready to engage in the conflict of the world. He entered upon the defense of good literature conscientiously and with as much devotion

as men of another age avowed themselves to the crusades. Capable of opposing the sweep of popular opinion on the one hand, and of standing alone against the onslaughts of a brilliant band of literary guerrillas, he developed a habit of resistance which caused him, eventually, to oppose himself to the very spirit of the time itself.

In another country his singular ability might have wasted itself, been swallowed up by the indifference of the public, as a desert stream is swallowed by the sands. But he had the good fortune to live in France, where criticism is an important matter. There, a book, a play, a point of view, is a significant thing—so serious that the government itself may become involved in a literary battle. With an academy, a state theater, elaborate literary forms, and a public trained to scrutinize literary performances, this condition is inevitable. Brunetière stood for authority—for the old classic standards. He believed the masters of antiquity had shown the path in which writers of future generations were to walk. He desired the perpetuation of the epic, the preservation of the forms of Racine and Molière in the drama; he stood for sincerity of idea and schooled propriety of utterance. He regarded the impressionism, the naturalism of modern times offenses against the sculptured standards of historic art. As he advanced in years his attitude became more and more rigid. His backward-turning glance took him, eventually, into sympathetic relations with ecclesiastical mediævalism. He united with the Catholic Church, and his journal became a powerful organ for that communion. The point of view of such revolutionists as Renan, Zola, Tolstoy, Lemaître and Anatole France furnished him with themes for his protests, and his silent contempt showed his scorn for the swarming egotists, experimentalists and decadents of many types, who, during a succession of literary excitements, polluted not only the taste of France, but poisoned the well from which other nations drew more or less of their inspiration.

Brunetière formulated the position of the classicists. Whatever is to be said for literary law, he has said. He is the Blackstone of criticism, and though he ungenerously shut his intelligence to the oncoming time, as well as to the significance of the

present, he will retain a respected place in French criticism. He will be a standard, representing eloquently the reactionary point of view. His fanaticism in this direction lost him the advocacy even of those who appreciated the dignity with which he opposed himself to shallowness, charlatanism, and mere temperamental expositions. But even those who most regretted the disconcerting frown which he turned upon all literary innovations were bound to admit that he was an honest and vigorous combatant and one who fought for love of the conflict—no man's hireling—no concessioner.

His "Balzac," but now from the hand of the translator, and the last word of his finished theory, has now an added interest. This volume is the second of a series relating to French men of letters and aiming to do for Frenchmen what has been done along the same line for English literary celebrities.

GOVERNOR Deneen, of Illinois, in a recent conference with the State Board of Charities, in outlining the state charitable work of the future, proposed the appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the establishment of tuberculosis sanitariums and camps. The colonies might be placed upon good farm land, he suggested, which the patients would be able to oversee, while camps of the seriously ill could be established in sightly places where open air life could be followed. No question but that the example set by the St. Louis philanthropist, N. O. Nelson, in instituting and endowing a farm and camp for tuberculosis patients at Indio, in the Colorado desert, has had much to do with the widespread interest in such provisions. On the floor of an ancient sea, where the aseptic air holds wonderful curative properties, Mr. Nelson laid out the farm and erected tents, which he furnished comfortably, and in the midst of which he placed an eating house. These accommodations are to be had for a trifling weekly fee, or, in the event of poverty, the patient may have the accommodations without pay. Unfortunately, the men seeking this camp were too ill to do the work of the farm, and that part of the venture has been temporarily discontinued. Governor Deneen's idea would be, however, to have his state colonies overseen by the

agriculturists at the state agricultural farms and experiment stations, and, if necessary, to hire a portion of the work done. Then the patients would be allotted tasks

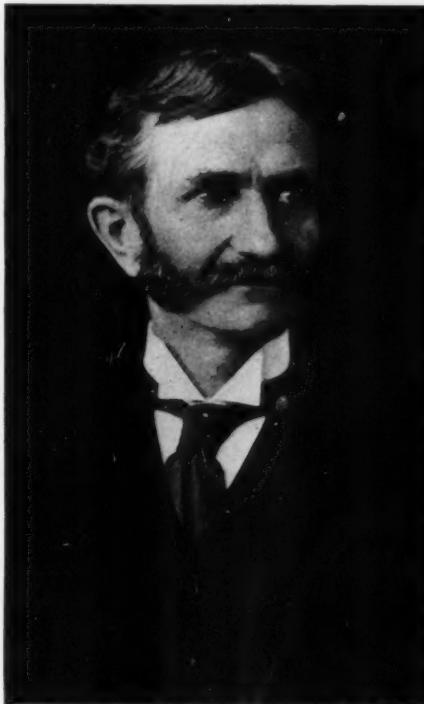


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NELSON O. NELSON

in proportion to their strength and desire to work.

As time goes on and the increasing menace of this almost unconquerable plague is realized, it is probable that those suffering from it will take remedial measures at an earlier stage of the disease than has been the custom. Moreover, the advisability of comparative isolation will be more widely appreciated, and will be voluntarily entered into in many cases. The success of the outdoor camp at Ottawa, Illinois, bears witness to the fact that our Northern winters are no drawback to the patient. Indeed, many are now seeking the cold, clear air of upper Canada, far from contagion, the fatigues of city life and the distractions of business. It would appear that rest, oxygen, good food

and plenty of it, sleep and serenity are the upbuilding forces. They can, no doubt, be secured in the yellow solitudes of the desert, and they can be found in the forests of Canada. Meantime, some of the most distinguished scientists in the world are laboring to find the impregnable foe to this curse, as they have found it to smallpox, to diphtheria and other diseases, and countless thousands look to them with expectation.

JANE Addams has not been a prolific writer. Ready as her eloquence is and agreeable as editors almost invariably would have shown themselves to her signature, she has resisted the temptation—or, what is more likely, has never felt the temptation—to write; unless she had something definite to say. Probably her ethical standards are such that she would not even say a good thing for the sake of saying it, but would defer the utterance of the truth until circumstances appeared to demand that it be written. It is several years since she wrote "Democracy and Social Ethics," and she will find an audience ready and waiting for her recently issued book, "Newer Ideals of Peace."

The ideals will not, as Miss Addams describes them, commend themselves to the supine. They are not to be realized by the inert and they do not include indifference to national and sectional interests. Indeed, these ideals are the sort that impel activity, the use of the intelligence, the pursuit of knowledge and the understanding of many peoples, their languages, habits of thought, history and aspirations.

"It is difficult to formulate the newer dynamic peace," observes Miss Addams, "embodying the later humanism, as over against the old dogmatic peace. The word 'non-resistance' is misleading, because it is much too feeble and inadequate. It suggests passivity, the goody-goody attitude of ineffectiveness. The words 'overcoming,' 'substituting,' 're-creating,' 'readjusting moral values,' 'forming new centers of spiritual energy,' carry much more of the meaning implied. For it is not merely the desire for a conscience at rest, for a sense of justice no longer outraged, that would pull us into new paths where there would be no more war nor preparations for war. There are still more strenuous forces at work reaching

down to impulses and experiences as primitive and profound as are those of struggle itself. That 'ancient kindness which sat beside the cradle of the race' and which is ever ready to assert itself against ambition and greed and the desire for achievement, is manifesting itself now with unusual force, and for the first time presents international aspects."

The extension of this theme is pursued with that quiet courage of opinion which one has come to associate with Miss Addams's name. She has her explanations for class movements which throw light upon questions that bewilder the contemporary sociologist. She brings to her work the profound conviction that men are impelled by the desire to do right and by the conviction that they are doing so. When they disagree it is because of incomplete understanding. The business, therefore, of those who would assist in the sublime labor of establishing world peace, is to study to understand.

The book is wonderfully humanizing in its tendency. The fanatic will find it soothing, whatever his especial fanaticism; the man of many hates and prejudices will acquire a new power of self-diagnosis and may come to a right understanding of the sources of his passions, and the man of good will can not but find his unformulated impulses emerging from mere star dust of the soul into ponderable and symmetrical form. It may be added, moreover, that the book appears at a time when there is much controversy over certain ideas and standards held by Miss Addams, and that the curious may find here a frank and modest statement of conviction, conveyed, it is true, by indirect means, but none the less comprehensible on that account.

BORROWING a leaf from Germany's experience, England has adopted a system of workingmen's compensation for damages incurred while at labor. The act, which goes into operation in July of this year, appears to be extremely rigid as to the employer's responsibility, but some terrible consequences of corporate laxity and greed in this country will permit Americans to look with favor upon the bill and watch its working out with interest.

In case a servant is killed because of neg-

ligence on the part of the employer, the latter is liable for that servant's wages for three years, including board and lodging. A disabled servant can collect half pay for the rest of his life. But, on the other hand, the insurance companies have put the premiums at an extremely low rate, and, in fact, for about seventy-five cents to one dollar and thirty cents a year the employer can be protected from all legal responsibility and from all expenses of litigation in connection with damage suits.

If employés and passengers were protected in this country by some such rigid compensation act, the railroad companies would make more haste to place safety devices on their trains and to use on all their lines the best and most efficient systems of signaling. There would be drastic reforms in the conduct of our mills and manufactories, especially where children and women are employed and where now the laws of the land and of humanity are defied.

MRS. William Ziegler, of New York, who commands a great fortune, has decided to devote some portion of it to publishing a magazine for the blind. Moreover, it is her intention to publish this magazine free, and a copy of the magazine will be sent to every blind person placing his or her name with Mrs. Ziegler's agent in New York. There are, it is estimated, seventy thousand blind persons in the United States. These afflicted ones are seldom left in unlettered ignorance nowadays, but while they may be instructed in their youth, little literary pleasure can be theirs because of the great expense attending the publication of books for the blind. Public libraries are usually provided with a few books in the Braile type, but it is difficult for the blind to journey to the libraries, and thousands are quite out of reach of any such convenience. Mrs. Ziegler's publication, however, will come to the home and can be placed upon the table to mitigate those hours of tedium which are the lot of even the most useful and cheerful among the blind. There will be some difficulty, of course, in selecting the material for this publication, for affliction knows no caste, and the readers must needs be of all classes of society and degrees of education and opportunity. But no

question, the gratitude that will be felt at such a benevolent undertaking as that of Mrs. Ziegler will persuade the readers to tolerance, and each can afford to put up with something in the magazine which is of no interest to him, but is meant for one younger or older, less informed or better educated than himself.

THE Boers have won in the Transvaal elections and will take charge of the government. Henceforth we shall hear of Schalkberger, Delarey, Erasmus and the other Afrikanders as rulers of the land of gold, diamonds, mealies and cattle. The British Liberals have held true to their democracy and the followers of Oom Paul Kruger have come into their own. What of the future? That the Dutch will rule South Africa seems inevitable; but whether they will consent to do so under the nominal rule of England with virtual independence, which has proved such a beneficent discovery in colonialism in the cases of Canada and Australasia, remains to be seen. The dreams of the Afrikander Bund has been independence and a great South African republic extending from Cape Agulhas to the Congo. He who imagines that this dream is forgotten or the ambition to see its fulfilment given up forgets the iron will and unforgetting persistence of the race that fought Spain for eighty years and grew rich in doing it. Every Boer in the republics which were vanquished in the late war seemed to accept peace with set teeth and the assertion that the struggle for independence would be renewed. The Afrikander Bund is powerful over all South Africa. The imperial government turns this sullen Dutch beast of the veldt into an enclosure so liberal in extent that it is hoped that the animal will not feel confined. It is a daring piece of statesmanship, but perhaps more likely to succeed for that reason. One circumstance in the late elections seems to indicate the formation of parties on other lines than those of nationality. The British mine workers voted with the Boers, as against the mine owners and the party of privilege. This would seem to augur well for that new alignment of parties which will make for the emergence of new issues and the abandonment of old quarrels.



MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Whose latest story, "The Port of Missing Men," is concluded in this number of *THE READER*. Mr. Nicholson, in his new book, has achieved the somewhat unusual feat of following, within two years, a markedly popular story with one that is even more successful.

IN a land as young as ours the possession of a library a century old is a matter for national pride. The Boston Athenaeum may well hold up its head as it prepares for its hundredth birthday. Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Francis Parkman and Prescott have been among the Athenaeum's proprietors; Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, James T. Fields and Longfellow are of its host of famous frequenters. Scores of books afterward renowned have been written beneath its roof, and there is no corner of the present rather gloomy building on Beacon Hill which has not been the favorite retreat of one or another of Boston's eminent authors. The Boston Athenaeum sprang from a magazine and that magazine from a Harvard student.

The student's name was Phineas Adams, and he was graduated from the college on the Charles in 1801. Two years later he justified his education by starting *The Monthly Anthology or Magazine of Polite Literature*. His career as editor lasted only six months, however, at the end of which time the Rev. William Emerson—Ralph Waldo's father—rescued the magazine from an early death, and with a number of other scholars formed the Boston Anthology Club to carry on its publication. The magazine, rechristened *The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*, was now made to pay, and from its earnings and private subscriptions was purchased the nucleus of a "reading room," as the library was at this stage called, which opened in Joy's building on Congress Street, January 1, 1807. President Kirkland, of Harvard, was a member of the club, and in May, 1807, he did a "write-up" of the library scheme for the magazine. Soon after this one hundred and fifty shares were sold at three hundred dollars

each. To-day shares sell for about three hundred and eighty dollars, and there are something over one thousand stockholders, the majority of whom are descendants of the original proprietors. So, in a world where all else changes, the Athenaeum may be said to emulate Tennyson's brook. Three years ago a movement was on foot to abandon the old stand, with its traditions and its dignified façade, for a fireproof, up-to-date structure on the other side of the Public Garden. But devout lovers of old Boston mourned so constantly and so audibly over this proposition that the project was abandoned. The present building, though it dates back only sixty years, was far too rich in literary inspiration to be ruthlessly destroyed! Emerson not infrequently worked here, and as late

as 1875 used to come in each week and sit in one of the windows overlooking the burying ground, reading happily, while his daughter went out and made calls. One of the older attendants has strikingly described a conversation she witnessed between Emerson and Longfellow, carried on as the two great New Englanders stood together overlooking the graves of the peaceful "Granary." The author of "Hiawatha," she recalls, was erect and sprightly and smiling as usual, while the Transcendentalist, taller in stature, lounged back with his shoulders against a set of "Memoirs of the French Revolution" and regarded his vivacious companion, his strong-cut features beaming with pleasure at the encounter with his long-time friend and sympathizer. The two had not been a great while together when James T. Fields spied them from the reference alcove, where he often spent stray hours on summer afternoons, and came across the room with a long stride, "Allibone" in hand. Then followed a warm interchange of greetings, Longfellow and Fields doing most of the talking, however, for even at that time the philosopher felt hardly sure of his utterance and his memory often failed him. Emerson, this attendant says further, exemplified in his choice of books his own maxim not to read any publication until it was a year old. The library's record book for 1867 has down against him Chesterfield's letters, Swedenborg's "Lyra Apostolica," Huxley, Dryden and Dante, as well as many other less well-known works. In 1877, which was only five years before his death, the Concord sage took home from the Athenaeum Jean Paul's works, Darwin's "Sights and Insights," Landor's "Famous Women," Ruskin's "Ethics of the

Dust," Balzac's "Illusions," Butler's "Year of Consolation" and "Middlemarch," as well as Horace. The present librarian at this interesting landmark is Charles K. Bolton, son of Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, the author of many popular biographies, who has himself written in "The Private Soldier Under Washington" what critics pronounce a very valuable contribution to early American history.

THE literature of exposure has had a great run. It is still running. Inasmuch as people read that which is interesting to them, this indicates a new-born passion for sociological diagnosis. This is not necessarily pessimistic; only occasionally do we find



JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

"Congressman Pumphrey: The People's Friend" is the title of Mr. McCutcheon's just published volume. The text accompanying the cartoons forms a continuous narrative that is intensely amusing.

one guilty of the crime of despairing of the republic. As a people we have had certain aches and pains and congestions and vertigos, and we have started out to find out the ailment. It is no longer regarded as optimistic to deny the disease which we see growing before our eyes. Thus we arrive at a valuable distinction between true optimism and mere silliness. Doubtless the great trusts and combines have been governing us, and are doing it in large measure still; nay, doubtless they will do a good deal of governing for some time yet. But that is because we have not seen fit to govern ourselves. Always the government is as good as the governed deserve. That is true of us. The literature of exposure is a reflection of our own shortcomings, and not of those of Rogers, Rockefeller, Weyerhauser and Guggenheim. It is our fault if these men are more powerful than they ought to be. We the people are the withered and atrophied limb, and these our brethren are the member made strong by exercise. We the people can make ourselves strong by exercise, and we are now setting about doing it. In the meantime, we are getting some good from the overgrown arm. We ought to build our own libraries;

but when we neglect to do it it is well to have a Carnegie to build them, even if he does advertise for the ridicule of posterity by carving on the lintel, "Æsop, Homer, Virgil, Carnegie, Dante, Milton, Poe"! And if the Rockefeller institution in New York shall find a cure for cancer it will bless the world long after his descendants shall wish to hide his monopoly of the people's property as a thing to blush for.

It may be urged with great force that these things are given us by Carnegie and Rockefeller out of funds not morally their own, and the giving up of which costs them not one jot of personal sacrifice. The philanthropies which made Dick Turpin and Jesse James popular in certain circles had this same feature of "easy come, easy go." It is a part of the tragedy of life with captains of industry and gentlemen of the road—that the joy of self-giving is denied them. Therefore let us who share their largesses, on the London road, in the Missouri backwoods, or wherever reformed spelling is rejected or gasoline burned, take the will for the deed and agree that they are good fellows. In the meantime, let the indictments be drawn; and as for the Tyburn tree, why, let it stand.



THE INVINCIBLES

By LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS

"Against Stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious."—Schiller.

We do not know, we cannot see, we never thought, we cannot care.
 We march the highroad, millions, millions strong—
 And ye forget us! ever ye forget—
 Vain ardent spirits!—Him we cannot crush
 Beneath our brutish, clay-encumbered feet,
 Who breaks in strength stupendous from our mass,
 Dares look about him—see and act—shake off
 Our spell of sleep-in-waking, death-in-life,
 And climb for fire to heaven—him ye see.

Ye do not see, ye never knew, ye have not thought, ye cannot learn,
That, in the sum of Time, for one like him,
A thousand we have trampled, spark and song,
Desire and dream, high passion and pure prayer;
Their monument is in this level dust
We careless tread—and they heard Voices too.

We are the final conquerors. Hurl your bolts—
We are eternal and invincible.
The sharpest swords against our dullness turn,
And by our dumbness speech is overborne—
For who can silence silence?—Answer, *ye!*
A solid mass, secure, content, we thrive,
Fed on the fatness of a subject land,
Lulled gently in vacuity's repose.
Who thinks to break us, breaks himself; whilst we,
Implacable in ignorance, march on.

We mean no ill; we never had an aim.
We stifle Genius, break the wings of Thought,
Tame struggling Independence to our step.
We crucified a God! and though, some say,
He rose again, and, certes, seemed to rule
Our earth a space, and strange confusion work,
Our bat-eyes dazzling with unwelcome light,
Troubling our sluggish blood with trumpet-calls—
Yet wait a while. Our blindness is our strength,
And we are millions, millions, millions strong,
And Faith is effort, and crass Doubt is ease.
All that would live must miss our trampling feet—
And how?—The final victory is ours.

Ye fevered drinkers at Life's deeper founts,
Ye little group of liberated minds,
Who leave our dusty highroad for the hills—
Ye deem yourselves our masters. Ay, but wait;
For even as ye exult we break your hearts,
But for our crassness ye could higher rise.
From you we force grim tribute to the end:
With bitterness we taint your festal wine;
Below your song of triumph ye must hear
The cynic burden of our marching feet—
Who hear ye not, who never knew, who could not think, who would not care.

HER IDEA OF HAPPINESS

A certain young woman author who was married not so long ago is given to saying the most startling things in a naive manner. It is a disputed question among her friends whether it comes naturally or whether she does it on purpose. Shortly before her marriage she was the cause of a box party and a dinner, where one of the men guests laid on his compliments in a lavish fashion.

"Such a fortunate girl!" he wound up. "You have youth, beauty, wit and fame, and you are going to marry a splendid fellow who has loads of money. What else could you desire?"

The beautiful and witty one turned impulsively, smiled brilliantly, and paralyzed the whole company by exclaiming:

"Twins!"

OF MUCH LOVE

By TOM MASSON

Once upon a time there was a man who fell in love with a woman.

And they were married.

After a while the bills came in and the man sat around and thought about them. Then he went to his wife and said: "Dearie, can't you go a little slow?"

And his wife replied: "Alas! I never learned how. I fear that I am naturally extravagant. I don't mean to be, but I am. Tell me that you love me."

"I love you," replied the man.

After a while the stork paid a friendly visit. When the excitement was over and things quieted down, the man took note of certain things that were happening. The servants wouldn't stay. The baby was either overfed or underfed. The spirit of Harmony had slipped out. And the man sat around and thought about it some more. Then he went to his wife and said: "Dearie, there's something wrong with our domestic economy. Things ought to be different. The house isn't run right. Things are not done calmly or systematically. Can't you—"

His wife shook her head.

"I don't know how," she replied. "I never had much order. I can't help it, but—do you love me?"

"I love you more and more," replied the man.

And after another while the woman grew to be an invalid. She refused to take care of herself, and became morose, irritable and incapable of doing much of anything.

And one day, as the man sat and thought, she came to him and said:

"Dearest, I have been a failure. I'm thoroughly incompetent. I haven't done what I should have done. I have been lamentably weak. Aren't you, honestly now, sorry that you married me?"

"No," said the man.

"But I am a failure. You ought to be sorry. Why aren't you sorry?"

And the man smiled as he replied. "Because, sweetheart, if I hadn't married you I never could have loved you as much as I do now."

TOO APPREHENSIVE

Some Oklahoma people were low in their minds about an outrage or two perpetrated on that territory by the statehood bill. One of them was making quite a fuss about it, claiming things would be all wrong when the territory became a state. "Reminds me," said *Raconteur Oulahan*, "of a thing that happened in my school days. We used to have a lecture every Friday afternoon, and one day the lecturer was a geological sharp, and chose Niagara Falls, described the different periods that could be traced in the gorge, and then went on to say that the falls were slowly wearing back toward Buffalo, and that in the course of some two hundred thousand years they would have worn back to Erie, Pennsylvania, and that town would be left high and dry. Just then one of the girls in the class began to sob wildly. 'What's the matter?' asked the teacher, in alarm. 'Oh!' she wailed, 'I've got a sister living there.' "

